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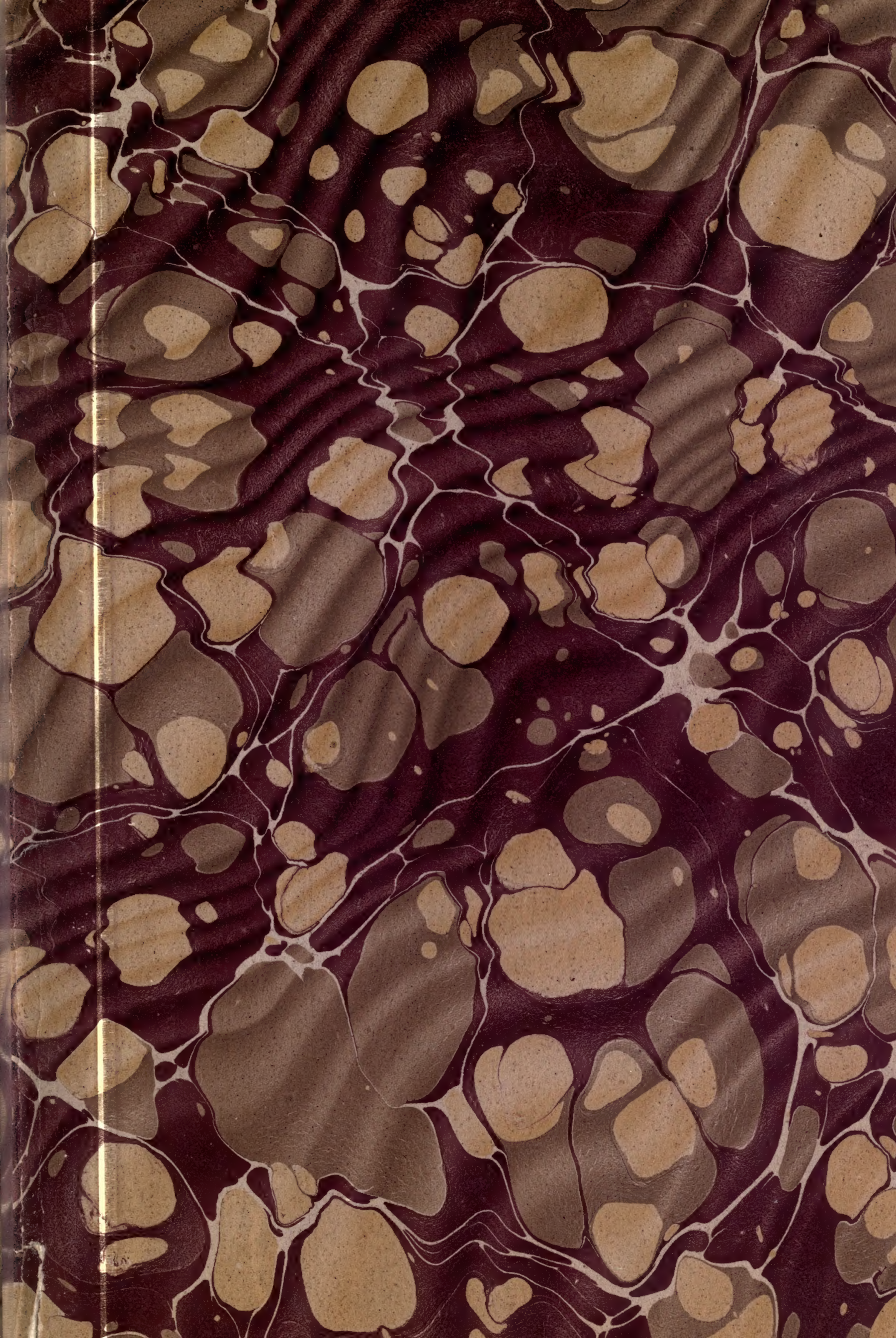
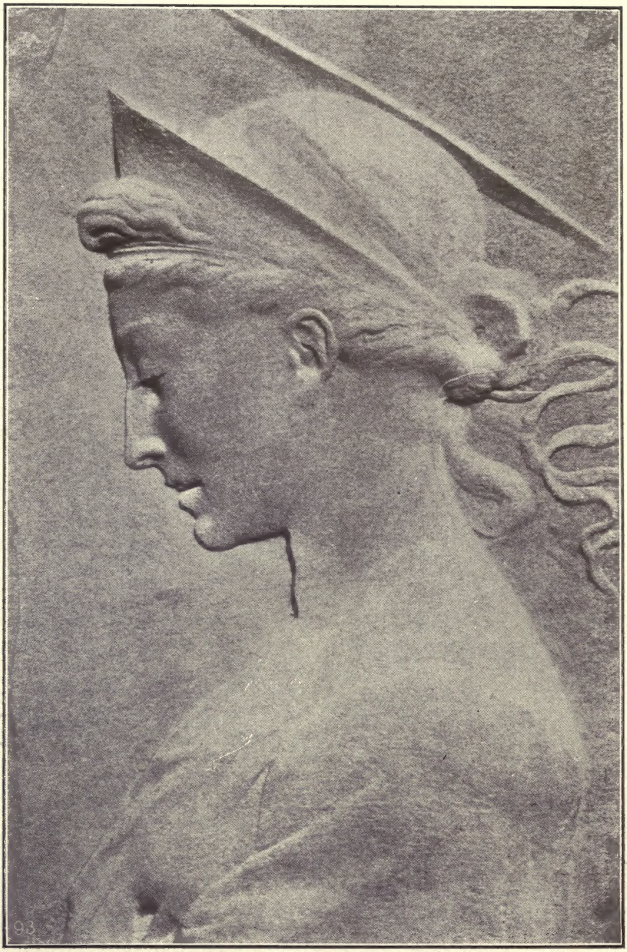


MUSIC IN ART



DONATELLO. — ST. CECILIA

Music in Art

By
Luna May Ennis

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Illustrated

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TO

MY MOTHER

Almarinda Baldridge Ennis

PREFACE

Music, as represented in painting and sculpture, forms a delightful and even fascinating study. So inseparably related are music and art to each other, that it would be difficult to consider either by itself. Whether the medium of expression be canvas or marble, poetry or sound, both represent the beautiful, the one making its appeal through the eye, the other through the ear to the heart.

Music is "the universal language," says Mr. Upton, "which appeals to the universal heart of mankind. Its thrill pervades all nature, — in the hum of the tiniest insect, in the tops of the wind-smitten pines, in the solemn diapason of ocean."[1]

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[1] Quoted by permission of A. C. McClurg & Company.

The emotions of primitive man were expressed in the rhythmical movements of his feet, the clapping of his hands, or his cry of joy or pain. The music of the mother's lullaby is the first sound heard by infant ears. In music, every emotion finds its perfect expression, — it is the soul's subtlest and most expressive language, — yet its sweetest note is but momentary. The sound dies with the vibration of the strings, — with the breath of the singer, and becomes a mere memory.

> "All passes, Art alone
> Enduring stays to us."

By the magic of the painter's brush we behold the "great god Pan," and harken to his pipes; listen to Apollo's enchanted lyre, to whose music "Ilium like a mist rose into towers;" hear the captivating strains of young Marsyas's reeds; listen to the heavenly music of "divine Cecilia," or note the fatal charm of the singing sirens. We may study the face of each composer, and catch a glimpse of his friends and his environment; we may note for ourselves the important part that music has played in youth and in love, in patriotism, in worship, and in every field of imagination and action.

No attempt has been made to cover every phase of the subject in these pages, as the task would be hopeless. The object is rather to suggest an outline, — a starting-point, at least, for further study, to all lovers of music and of art. The historical order has been preserved wherever possible, as in the Greek, Latin, and German legends.

I wish to thank all those who have been of assistance to me, in gathering the material for this little volume, especially Miss Martha S. Bensley. Thanks are also due Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin &

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MUSIC IN ART

CHAPTER I.

MYTH AND ENCHANTMENT

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love and she be fair!"

— *Ode on a Grecian Urn, by* JOHN KEATS.

THE entrancing strains of melody, which stirred the rude hearts of pagan gods, nymphs, and naiads, who peopled the fairy realm of ancient myth and legend, have echoed for ages, with a sweet sound, in the ears of painters and poets, who have told and retold those picturesque tales of love and enchantment on canvas and in marble.

All civilized people have made music an attribute of one of their deities. They have felt it to be a spiritual thing too far removed from common affairs to have had an earthly origin.

The Greeks, of all pagan people, have given us most in our artistic development, and their ideals are to a certain extent still ours, though changed somewhat in their external expression. Though Hermes was thought to have made the first lyre, music was one of the attributes of Apollo. He was the leader of the nine Muses who presided over all the arts and sciences.

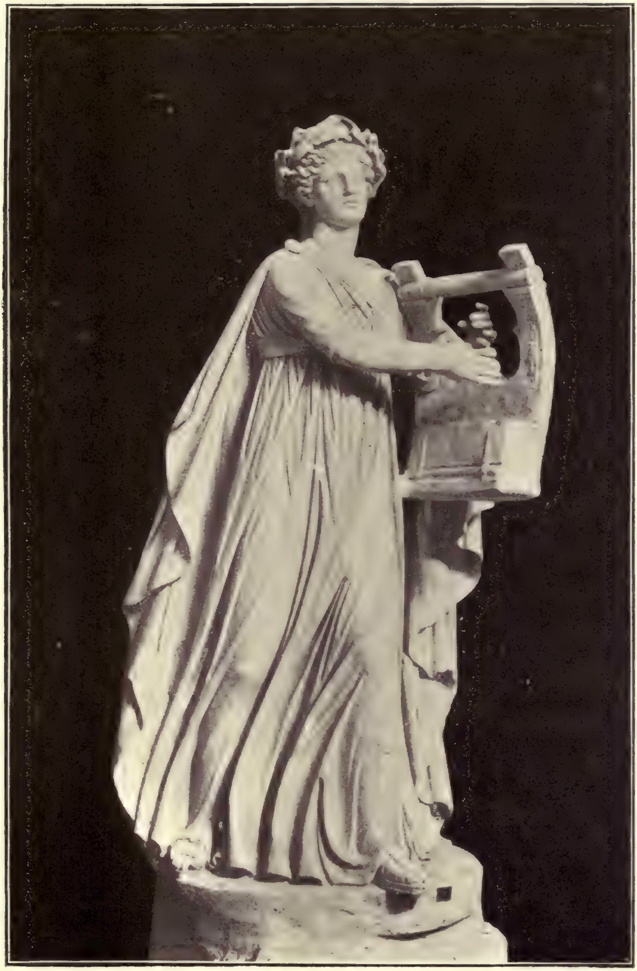
In his "Hymn to Apollo," Shelley gives us a most beautiful idea of the musical god:

"I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine, are mine,
All light of Art or Nature; — to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong."

Although Greek art is the most perfect the world has known, Greek music was rather an accompaniment to poetry and the dance than an art in itself. Their chief instrument was the lyre, with which Apollo is usually represented. Homer and Hesiod tell us he was the son of Zeus and Leto, and was born on the little island of Delos where a temple was raised to him. He was the god of the sun, which was his chariot, and so was the giver of all good gifts, — the active life principle in their mythology, — the doer of the will of Zeus. There are numberless beautiful statues of him showing his various attributes, but he is always young and strong, the beautiful god of light.

Probably the most famous, as well as the most beautiful, is the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican. This represents him as an archer, not as a musician. In the Museum of Naples is a small bronze which was found in the ruins of Herculaneum, and which represents the god in the first flower of youth. He is leaning his left arm on a pillar and holds a small lyre in his left hand. He is not playing, and it is as though he were dreaming with the sound of the music still in his ears and a forethought of sweeter music still to come.

In the Museo Barlonico is also a statue larger than life, which represents Apollo as leader of the chorus. This was formerly in the Farnese collection. The figure is seated and wears a long flowing robe, a custom adapted by the Greeks for

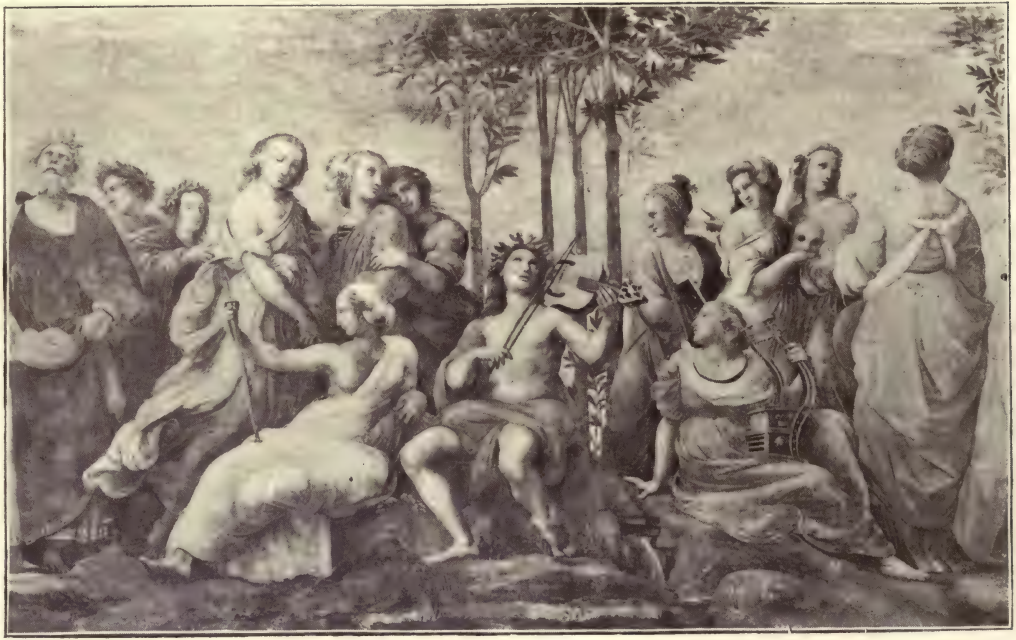


APOLLO CITHARÆDOS

their choruses from the Asiatics to increase the grandeur of the effect. The body is of purple porphyry, and the hands, feet, etc., are restored in white marble, thus giving the effect of a painted statue. This is not only wonderful for its beauty and grandeur, but for the mechanical difficulties which have been overcome in carving the hard porphyry.

Perhaps the most beautiful statue of Apollo, as the Musician, is the one now in the Vatican which is illustrated here. It was found buried with the statues of the Muses in Cassianum at Tivoli. Here he wears the long robe of the chorus, and the short sleeves give freedom to his arms as he strikes the ponderous lyre which is fastened to the belt crossing his breast. On the lyre is a symbolical representation of Marsyas who was conquered and severely punished by him in the celebrated trial of skill. The marble has turned a soft yellow with time, and when a ray of sunlight illumines the floating draperies, we seem to see the god himself as he advances slowly in sandalled feet, with the resplendent charm of eternal youth and the full power of his divinity as he raises the inspired song. He was worshipped in all lands where the religion of Greece or Rome found a foothold, as the symbol of music for the pure love of its own beauty, the mere pleasure in sweet sounds.

In Raphael's celebrated "Parnassus," in the Vatican, here reproduced, he has represented the tip of the sacred mountain, with Apollo seated under a group of laurel-trees playing upon a violin. He is surrounded by the nine Muses, and some of the most famous poets and musicians of history. Homer and Dante are easily recognized among them. Apollo, as the centre and ruler of them all, typifies the supremacy of music, its power over and



RAPHAEL. — PARNASSUS

influence on the makers of the world's literature.

"For general harmony of line, for perfect balance of mass, and for noble grace, Mr. Henry Strachey pronounces this figure of Apollo hard to match." "How perfectly balanced is the disposition of the limbs, and yet how unconstrained. The light falls naturally in exactly the places which require emphasis. This perfection of balance in the form of the figure gives the 'Apollo' its grand serenity. To add to the dignity of the head, the painter devised a crown of bays, which, with the leaves below the left arm, are a good example of Raphael's faultless sense of pattern."

The music of "the great god Pan" was that of primitive pagan man. A woodland deity, the god of flocks and shepherds, he sought the rocky mountains and cool grottoes for his abode. Half god and half beast, Pan came into the world with hoofs and horns, with a crooked nose and pointed ears, and, wandering at his own free will, was as cheerful as he was noisy — "splashing and paddling with the hoofs of a goat," as Mrs. Browning describes him.

But it is the music-loving Pan that is oftenest represented in art. The reeds on which he blew strains so "piercing sweet" that his music cheered the gods, are an almost invariable part of his environment, whether he is blowing on them or not.

Pan's susceptible heart is accountable for the invention of the famous pipes. Unable to resist the charm of the pretty wood-nymphs and naiads with whom he danced and sang, and utterly unmindful of his ugly goat legs and hoofs, he lost his heart to the beautiful nymph, Syrinx, who fled in terror from her unwelcome pursuer. The nimble god was about to overtake Syrinx, when she called breathlessly to the water-nymphs to save her. They heard and granted her prayer, for just as Pan embraced her, he found he held in his arms only a bunch of reeds. Sighing with disappointment, he bent over the reeds lamenting his lost love. Touched by his ardent breath, the reeds gave forth sweet and clear strains, which charmed the pain from his heart.

"Thus, then, you shall be mine," Pan cried in rapture. Taking an uneven bunch of reeds, he arranged them side by side, and, holding them to his lips, blew gently through them. Again he heard the sweet melody, and in joy he named his pipes the "Syrinx."

> "Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
> Piercing sweet, by the river!
> Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
> The sun on the hill forgot to die,
> And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
> Came back to dream by the river."

Of the many representations of this primeval god of nature, Luca Signorelli's

"School of Pan," the celebrated work now in the Berlin Gallery, is undoubtedly the best. When the painting was discovered in the attics of the Palazzo Corsi, by Signor Tricca, about thirty years ago, it was with much difficulty that it was identified as Signorelli's work, as draperies apparently of the eighteenth century had been painted over all the figures, by order of Cardinal Corsi, into whose possession it had come. Signor Tricca, however, was able to remove the outer coat of paint, revealing the nude figures described by Vasari, almost uninjured.

Berenson alludes to this painting as "one of the few most fascinating works in our heritage."

It represents goat-footed Pan, sitting on a rocky throne at sunset. Solemnly impressed with the poetry of Mother Earth, he listens to the music of his companions, — the youthful Olympus, who stands on his left, and a shepherd who reclines at Pan's feet, — both figures blowing on their reeds. As the sun is slowly setting, the slender crescent moon is seen rising in the sky just above Pan's head.

"It is full of poetry and of idyllic charm," says Maud Cruttwell, "with all its stately solemnity. The sad beauty of the god as he listens to the music of the pipes, the golden sunlight on the moss-green grass, the quiet peace of the scene, have an entrancing effect, and we are transported in spirit to the same 'melodious plot of beechen green and shadows numberless' where Pan holds his court.

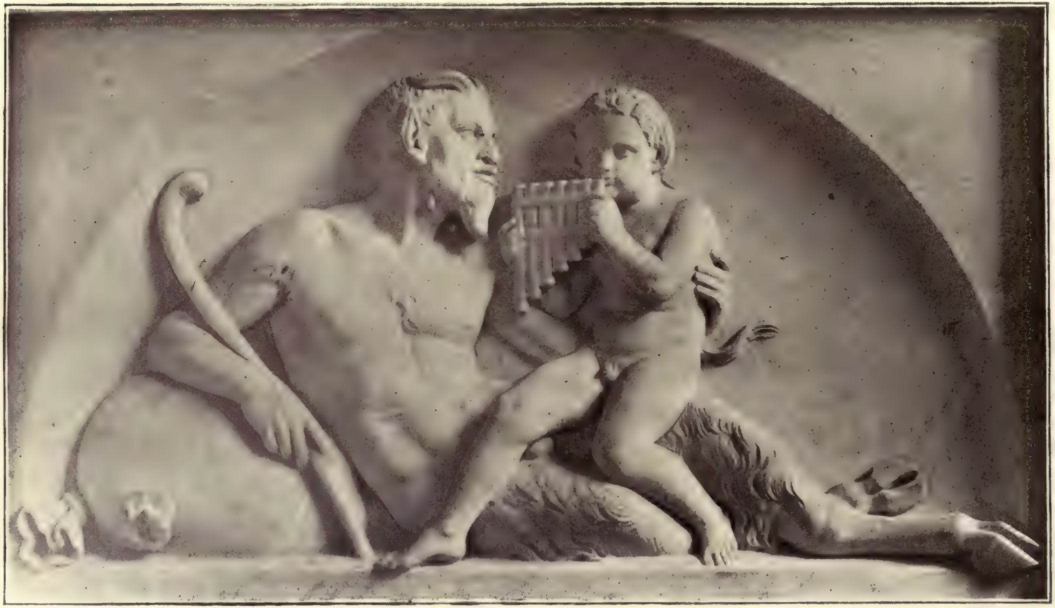
"The bronze-coloured body of the god is magnificently modelled, with a solidity unequalled even in the Orvieto frescoes. The style of Pollaiuolo is noticeable, in the attitude of the youth lying at his feet, particularly in the treatment of the legs. The figure of 'Echo,' is repeated later in

'The Crowning of the Elect,' in Orvieto, though there it has lost much of the idyllic charm of this wood-nymph."

Vasari tells us the painting was made for Lorenzo dei Medici, and was "much praised."

Thorwaldsen's bas-relief in marble of "Pan and a Young Satyr," in the Museum of Copenhagen, represents the god of nature in a reclining position, with his left arm, which holds his crooked staff, resting upon a wine-skin. Sitting upon his knees is a little satyr, who is being taught by Pan to play upon the Syrinx. The plaster model is also in the possession of the museum.

Very lovely indeed is the "Pan and Psyche" of Burne-Jones, owned by Mrs. R. H. Benson. The artist has chosen his motif from William Morris's poem, "The Story of Cupid and Psyche." He represents Psyche just as she has reached the



THORWALDSEN. — PAN AND A YOUNG SATYR

rush-grown bank of the stream, into which she had cast herself, seeking death.

> "But the kind river even yet did deem
> That she should live, and, with all gentle care,
> Cast her ashore within a meadow fair
> Upon the other side, where Shepherd Pan
> Sat looking down upon the water wan
> Goat-legged and merry, who called out, 'Fair maid,
> Why goest thou hurrying to the feeble shade
> Whence none return? Well do I know the pain,
> For I am old, and have not lived in vain.'"

One foot is still in the water, and she gazes steadfastly up into Pan's sympathetic face, as he kneels on the bank of the stream tenderly stroking her hair.

Like all the works of this poet-painter, Burne-Jones's painting of this legend is full of poetic beauty.

The sad expression on Psyche's fair face, and that of compassion on the face of the god, is exquisitely rendered.

Of this painting, Frederick Wedmore

writes: "The beauty, charm, and expressiveness here are beauty, charm, and expressiveness of figure as well as of face; and at the bottom of the invention that has secured these there must have been that sensitivenesss of observation and insight — a thing, after all, of artistic feeling more than a thing of intellect — which we may hold to be among the most peculiar, and probably the most precious of Burne-Jones's gifts. It is not so much keenness of perception as fineness of feeling, delicacy of imagination; a poetic sense that refines the thing it works upon."

Rubens's "Pan and Syrinx," in Buckingham Palace, is a small painting representing the nymph Syrinx fleeing from the pursuit of Pan, and hiding in the reeds of the river Ladon. There is a forest background. The painting is in the collection of W. Porter (1810).

In the National Gallery is Annibale

Carracci's painting, one of his best, showing "Pan Teaching Apollo to Play His Pipes." Lanzi gives this name to the picture, although Ramdohr alludes to it as Bacchus playing to Silenus. The latter's pipes hang on the trunk of a tree near by, where he is resting on the ground, his folded arms on his knees, while the younger musician is sitting on a tree-trunk blowing on his pipes, concerned only with the impression his music is making on the other. This interesting work was purchased in 1824, and belongs to the Augerstein collection.

Another flute player was Marsyas, whose music charmed even the wild rabbits and held them spellbound at his feet. Marsyas lived the unconcerned life of a happy satyr, until in his wanderings he one day found Minerva's flute, where she had flung it down from Olympus in disgust, because Cupid had laughed at the way in which she puckered her face in playing upon it.

Marsyas blew upon the celestial instrument, and the limpid sweetness of the sounds he brought forth so charmed him that he invited Apollo to a contest of skill. Apollo accepted the challenge, listened with a fine scorn to Marsyas's playing, gained the victory, and had the presumptuous satyr flayed alive, afterward turning him into a stream which still bears his name.

This legend seems to have been a favourite one with artists.

In the British Museum is a bronze statue of Marsyas from Patras, belonging to the fourth century B. C.

A relief at Mantinea, recently discovered, has been attributed in design, at least, to Praxiteles. It represents a group of figures, — the musical contest between Apollo and Marsyas, — and the three

Muses, on either side, who serve as judges, form graceful groups.

A Phrygian slave stands between the figures with a knife, — a vivid suggestion of the awful fate that awaited the defeated flute-player.

A fine "Apollo and Marsyas," in the National Museum of the Louvre, is attributed to Raphael. Apollo stands on the right and leans on a long staff in his left arm. He gazes down with an expression of mild contempt at Marsyas, who is sitting under a tree in the shade, blowing on his pipes. A quiver of arrows and a lyre lie on the ground between them. There is a flowery meadow background, on which grow some slender young trees. It has been attributed to different Umbrian painters, among them, Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Mantegna.

In the Lateran Museum there is a life-sized statue of Marsyas after Myron, and believed to have been part of a group representing Marsyas and Athene, who is about to regain possession of her flute.

In restoring the arms, castanets have been inappropriately placed in the hands.

Vedder, whose imaginative yet vigorous work is so well known, has given us by far the most interesting interpretation of the legend we have from an American artist. His picture, known as "Young Marsyas," was first exhibited in this country about 1879, with his "Cumæan Sibyl."

It is a large canvas, differing entirely from all previous conceptions of this self-assertive youth. A critic writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* describes him as seated in a snowy glade, at the foot of a large tree, blowing on his pipes. "Around him wild rabbits are gathered to listen to the enticing music of their sylvan prince. In every attitude of attention, the little creatures pause in their nervous motions, and are spellbound by the notes of the pipe. There are few similar landscapes more impressive in their aspect than the one which forms the background of this little group. It is painted with no attempt at finish further than is necessary to give character to the scene. The figure of Marsyas, with his nude torso and goat legs, is drawn with a knowledge and modelled with a firm touch, though it be a trifle lacking in mobility. But the triumph of painting this picture is seen in the rabbits, where the character and variety of individual positions are given with unusual power, and a skill that painters of animals might well be proud of."

We find this original treatment of Marsyas as a satyr a pleasing one in Vedder's hands, and it makes a charming picture. With cheeks puffed out, he is earnestly blowing on his reeds, while the half-score of rabbits huddle closely up to his feet to listen to the witchery of his flute-like tones.

> "And as the music clearer, louder grew,
> Wild creatures from their wintry nooks and dells,
> Sweet furry things with eyes like starry wells,
> Crept wondering out: they thought the south wind blew.
> With instant, joyous trust, they flocked around
> His feet who such a sudden summer made;
> His eyes, more kind than men's, enthralled and bound
> Them there.
> No wonder, when this magic sound
> Reached upper heavens, that swift Apollo laid
> The doom of death on him who thus had played."

Vedder, the quaint, the original — almost Preraphaelite — is above all a painter of ideas, as his series of fifty-six illustrations of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat" so richly proves.

Ernest Eugene Hiolle, a modern French sculptor, has modelled an "Arion," of great beauty and artistic excellence, for which he received a medal in 1867. One should see the original in marble in order fully to appreciate its charm. "For science of form, for exquisite anatomical knowledge," says Edward Straham, "Mr. Hiolle's 'Arion' has received the admiration of the most exacting judges."

The sculptor has represented the sweet-singing bard kneeling on the back of the dolphin, one foot resting lightly on the fish's head, as Arion gazes enraptured into the sea beneath him, singing and accompanying himself on the lyre, which he holds in his hand. The pose is an unusual one, but full of grace and charm. "From every point of view as we go around the statue," continues the same critic, "the limbs fall into harmonies with each other, and with the cast of the trunk, that delight and astonish by their complication and their unity."

On the Alexander III. Bridge, among other decorative figures is a lovely Arion, by M. Morice, as youthful and winning as any cupid. He holds a long lyre in his left hand, and has a laughing face and coquettish attitude. This figure, which Morice fittingly calls "The Genius of the Water," together with its companion group of "La Source," by the same sculptor, is located near the middle of the bridge, on opposite sides.

Although the life of Arion was full of romantic scenes to tempt the artist's brush, this is the one oftenest represented. The story which leads up to this event is familiar. Arion, famed for his music, and a favourite at the court of King Periander, of Corinth, longed to enter a musical contest in Sicily. He told his desire to Periander, who firmly but kindly protested, and begged him to remain safely at home.

But Arion only answered, "A wandering life best suits the free heart of a poet."

Thus concluding, he departed, and the prize was soon won. On his way home, the bard detected a plot among the sailors to rob and kill him. "Grant me one last request," cried Arion, "that I may die as I have lived, as becomes a bard. When I have sung my death song, and my harp-strings shall cease to vibrate, then I will bid farewell to life, and yield uncomplainingly to my fate."

Their hearts softened at the thought of hearing this far-famed musician, and his request was granted. Arion clad himself quickly in the flowing garb of the bard, that he might not be unpleasing to Apollo. He strode to the edge of the ship, and, sadly gazing into the deep, struck the strings of his lyre, and began his death song. Hearing his strains of such mournful sweetness, the fishes and water-nymphs gathered around the boat to listen. Finishing his song, he cast himself into the water, when a dolphin, charmed with his music, bore him to shore unharmed. A monument of brass was erected on the rocky spot to commemorate the event.

Hardly less often has the picturesque legend of Amphion, son of the Queen of Thebes, been painted and put into marble. Legend tells us that, by the power of music alone, he conjured up the walls of the royal city.

Tennyson wrote:

> "Oh, had I lived when song was great,
> In days of old Amphion,
> And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
> Nor feared for reed or Scion!
>
> "'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
> Such happy intonation,
> Whenever he sat down and sung
> He left a small plantation.
>
> "The mountain stirred its busy crown,
> And, as tradition teaches,

Young ashes pirouetted down
Coquetting with young beeches.

"And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
Ran forward to his rhyming,
And from the valleys underneath
Came little copses climbing."

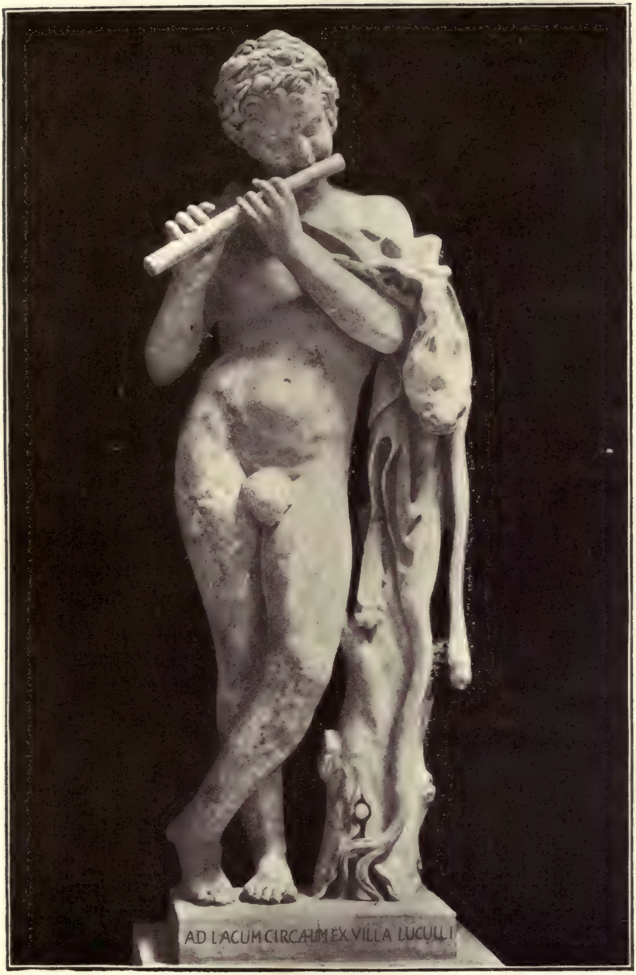
Ancient and mediæval art is filled with piping fauns, satyrs, bacchants, cymbal players, nymphs and nereids, beautifully modelled by the masters of that time. Of the great number of excellent works produced, only a few can be mentioned here.

In the Villa Borghese, Rome, is the "Borghese Faun," a marble statue discovered in 1824, about twelve miles from the city, near Monte Calo. It is Greek, belonging to the fourth century B. C., and Venturi intimates that it was probably taken from an original bronze of the school of Lysippos.

Two of the best known "Dancing Fauns," are one in the Museum of Florence, and the other in the Naples Museum, the latter being an antique bronze statuette, found in the "House of the Faun," Pompeii. The former in Florence, sometimes called the "Clapping Faun," is a gracefully beautiful figure wearing a scabellum on one foot, such as are represented on bacchanal and similar figures. Michael Angelo is credited with the restoration of the head and arms of the figure.

In the Vatican at Rome is the graceful, small life-sized "Piping Faun," here reproduced. It is one of the best, was discovered in the ruins of the Villa of Lucullus, in the Circæan Lake. The left shoulder, over which hangs a skin, is leaning against a tree trunk, and the hand is holding a flute. It bears a resemblance to Praxiteles's so-called faun, "A Young Satyr at Rest," in the Capitoline Museum, Rome, but the pose is not altogether the same.

This faun of Praxiteles was Hawthorne's


AD LACUM CIRCAEUM EX VILLA LUCULLI

PIPING FAUN

inspiration for his "Marble Faun." It belongs to the fourth century B.C., and was found in 1701, near Cavita, Lavinia.

Edward C. Potter has put into marble a "Sleeping Infant Faun," which is in the Museum of the Art Institute of Chicago. Were it not for the double pipes at his side, he could easily be mistaken for a sleeping Cupid, so tenderly and lovingly the sculptor seems to have conceived and executed the work.

The "Cymbal Player," a bas-relief in the Villa Albani, is in the style of Scopas, and in the Louvre there is a charmingly posed figure of "A Young Satyr Playing the Flute," belonging to the first century (Greek).

Doubtless the most beautiful legend in all mythology is that of Orpheus's love for Eurydice. Surely none has been oftener painted or put into marble than this charming myth of the dawn. As the dawn and the day are lovers fated for ever to elude each other, — so Orpheus in his hopeless pursuit of his lost Eurydice finds her only to lose her. This idea has been beautifully expressed by Vernon Lee, who says: "In it we have the real equivalent of that gentle, melancholy fading away of light into light, of tint into tint. Orpheus loves Eurydice as the day loves the dawn, because he loves her; she has issued from Hades, as the dawn has issued from darkness; she melts away beneath her lover's look, even as the dawn vanishes beneath the look of day." The story as told by mythology is, that Orpheus was endowed with such extraordinary musical gifts, that when he played on the lyre given him by Apollo, he moved the hearts not only of gods and mortals, but the beasts of the forest were lulled into submission by his playing until they fondled his feet, entranced by his strains.

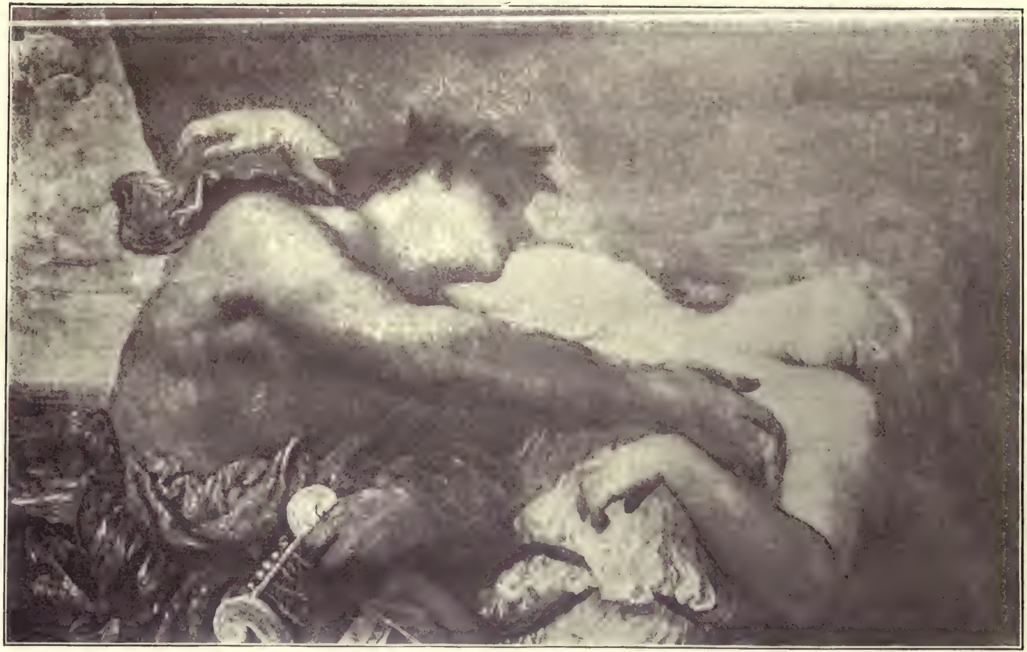
Even the trees bent to hear him, and the very rocks of Olympus "relaxed somewhat of their hardness, softened by his notes."

His marriage to the nymph Eurydice was followed by her death from a serpent's bite in the foot, as she stepped on it in the grass. Giorgione's painting, "Orpheus and Eurydice," illustrates this incident. Orpheus's soul poured forth the grief of his loss in melting strains to all the spirits of the earth and air in vain. Seeking his wife in Hades, his mournful notes "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek," and even the ghosts wept. Unable to withstand his appeal, Pluto sent for Eurydice; she came, still limping from the serpent's bite, and Orpheus was allowed to lead her back to earth with him, provided he turned not to look at her. Almost had they reached the fresh air of the other world, when, to make sure she was following, he turned, only to see her snatched back into Hades. Again Orpheus sought Eurydice in the under world. Being refused, he sang his wail to the trees. The Thracian maidens, repulsed by Orpheus in their attempt to captivate him, hurled their javelins at him in their bacchanalian orgies. The stones and weapons hurled at him, legend relates, fell powerless to the ground when they came within sound of his lyre, until the infuriated amazons set up a scream, thus drowning his music.

In the words of Pope:

> "Ah, see, he dies!
> Yet even in death Eurydice, he sung,
> Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
> Eurydice the woods,
> Eurydice the floods,
> Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung."

George Frederick Watts, the poet-artist, of England, has chosen the moment of this tragedy when Orpheus, feeling that Eurydice at last is his beyond recall,



WATTS. — ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

turns to look into her face, when he feels her forced away from him back into the darkness of Hades. His lyre falls as he raises his arm for a final embrace, but relentless fate has already separated the lovers. His face is full of anguish at this unexpected parting, and utter despair is written on hers.

This painting is an admirable example of Watts's work, strong in composition and grouping, poetical in conception.

The illustration here given, is a fragment only of the full canvas painted in 1879, which is a large one, being five feet or more in height.

Watts has been called the "painter of eternal truths," and such indeed are his "Conscience," "Judgment," "Love and Death," and many others. He treats them in an idealistic manner, often carrying a subject in his mind ten or fifteen years before painting it.

As one of his biographers, R. C. Monkhouse, has said,[1] "the wind plays a great part in his canvases. He mingles clouds, grass, birds, rays of sunlight, veils, scarfs, folds, floating locks, embraces, strides, stiff necks, contortions, and swoons. There is no knowing where all these lines of crude colour are going, whence they come, what they mean, drawn out like skeins of wool! Yet you linger, for whilst Watts's colour distracts the eye, his ideas penetrate to the depths of the soul, and slowly arouse something that was sleeping there."

Émile Lévy's "Death of Orpheus," which we here give, is in the Luxembourg, and is a large canvas about six feet in height. Orpheus is lying in the foreground of the picture, the victim of the Thracian mænads, who have surrounded him and,

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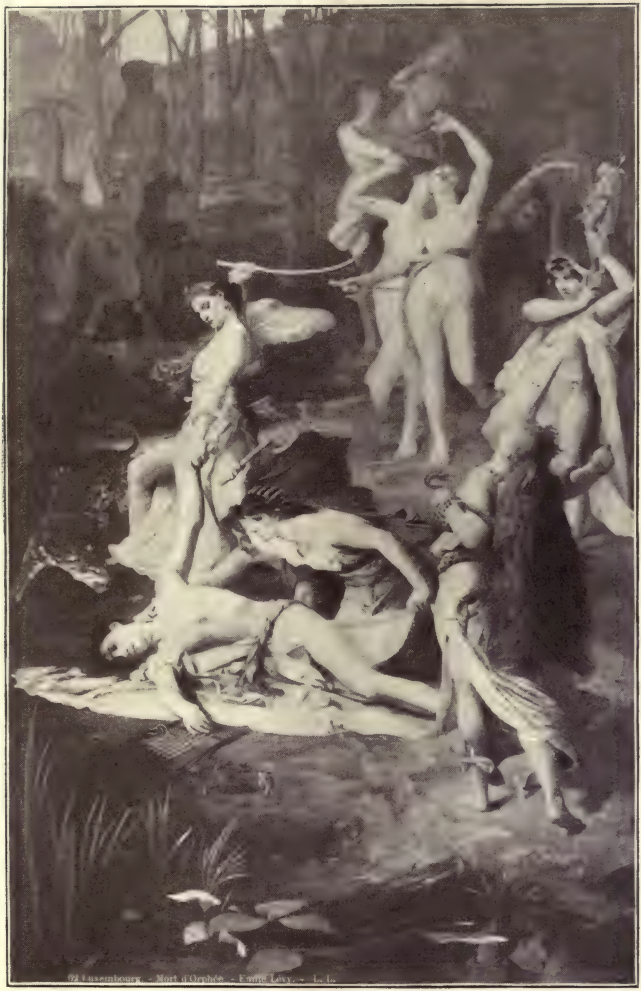
[1] "British Contemporary Artists," by Cosmo Monkhouse. Charles Scribner's Sons.


92 Luxembourg. - Mort d'Orphée. - Emile Lévy. - L. L.

LÉVY. — DEATH OF ORPHEUS

in their bitter resentment of his contempt for them, are flaying him with stones and sickles.

Tradition says they severed his head and, fastening it upon his lyre, threw it into the river Hebrus. As it floated down the stream, sad, sweet music was heard, which the shores plaintively reëchoed.

Émile Lévy was born in Paris and received many honours. A pupil of Picot and of the École des Beaux Arts, he won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1864. He painted the "Death of Orpheus," in 1866.

August Rodin's "Orpheus and Eurydice," in marble, is a superb creation about half life-size. He represents the moment after Orpheus has turned and looked at Eurydice and she begins to sink away. Both figures are nude. Orpheus holds his lyre in one hand, the other is drawn across his brow, in deepest despair. Eurydice stands just behind him, fading away almost into the uncut block of marble, which Rodin uses effectively as a background. The conception is as poetic as it is marvellous. The treatment of the flesh is superb; the muscles can almost be felt underneath. Eurydice's eyelids are half-closing, yet struggling to keep open The feet and hands are just blocked out; her arms are stretched out toward Orpheus, yet irresistibly drawn back, the whole conception forcibly bringing to mind Virgil's masterly lines, in the fourth book of his Georgics. Here Eurydice exclaims: "'What madness has ruined me, wretched one, and thee, also, Orpheus? For I am called by the cruel Fates to return, and sleep is closing my swimming eyes. So farewell. I am borne away, muffled in thick night, stretching forth to thee (alas, thine no longer) my helpless hands.' She spoke, and from his side suddenly, even as thin smoke mingles with air, disappeared; nor him vainly clasping the shadows and many things wishing to say, did she see again."

Rodin has his studio in Paris, and those who know declare that his work has most of the characteristics of Michael Angelo.

In J. M. Swan's "Orpheus and Eurydice," in the collection of George McCulloch, is suggested the extraordinary power the youthful Orpheus exercised over the animal kingdom. He shows us the boy Orpheus, tall and slender, in the days before he had seen Eurydice. Yet his countenance is vaguely clouded, as by some premonition, as he stands holding in complete subjection, with the music of his lyre, the wild animals — panthers, pumas and tigers — which have gathered around him. An English critic writes of this painting of Swan's: "In this picture what a study of the great cat nature we get! The young leopard rolling in an ecstasy of delight about the poet's feet, with one large velvet paw, with close-sheathed claws, gently patting his legs; the crouching, purring panther with gleaming eyes, and ears flattened back till her head looks like a snake's; the lean cub positively imbecile with enjoyment, and terrible 'sher Khan,' always suspicious, always ferocious, appearing beyond the little body of the singing musician. . . . He charms the shyest birds, the fiercest beasts, not by a display of awful power, but by the divine gifts of song and sound. . . . A snake curls above, upon the bough, too much charmed with the poet's music to strike the birds that hang poised on the very chords of Orpheus's lyre."

Since the death of Barye, Mr. Swan has no peer as an animal painter.

Lord Leighton has painted "Eurydice Pleading with Her Lover" for one last look, regardless of all consequences. In Browning's words she exclaims:

"Hold me but safe again within the bond of
One immortal look! All woe that was
Forgotten, and all terror that may be —
Defied; no past is mine, no future!
Look at me!"

Burne-Jones's remarkable cyclus, founded on this tragedy, recalls Gluck's interpretation in his opera of "Orpheo," of nearly a century before. There are thirteen illustrations, poetically descriptive of every phase of the story, from the nuptials of the lovers to Orpheus's burial by the Muses.

In Corot's fine painting, "Orpheus Greeting the Morn," Orpheus is represented in a beautiful wood, through which the sky is seen. He rapturously greets the approach of day in song, accompanying himself on his lyre. "The golden tone of the picture, the soft radiance of its colour, the breadth and delicacy of its execution, as well as the poetry of its inspiration, all combine to make it one of Corot's most beautiful creations," according to one writer.

The bas-relief in the Villa Albani, representing the parting of Orpheus from Eurydice, is a fine example of Greek art at its highest.

Mercury, the guide of spirits, is already hastening Eurydice back into the realm of Shadows. She, still lingering, fondly lays her hand on the shoulder of her husband, who turns to look upon her once again, — a last look, as full of pain and despair at this second parting as hers is of sadness.

Lübke considers that the composition of this bas-relief indicates the work of a sculptor of importance. This interpretation, in marble, of the parting of Orpheus and Eurydice, he adds, calls to his mind the famous farewell in Mozart's "Magic Flute," rendered in another medium, with such majesty of feeling.

There is a fine "Orpheus in Search of Eurydice," in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, by an American sculptor, Thomas Crawford.

The conception is carried out in a bold style, and it was through this work that the artist's genius first became known to his countrymen.

Heine's familiar poem, "The Lorelei," relates the ancient German myth of the beautiful river siren who is fabled to sit on the rocks above the Rhine in the sunlight, forever singing and combing her long hair, luring each passing boat into the water by the spell of her voice.

> "Low singeth she
> A song of strange, sweet sadness,
> A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him
  The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the cliff before him —
  He only looks on high,
Ah! round him the dark waves flinging
  Their arms draw him slowly down —
And this with her wild, sweet singing,
  The Lorelei has done."

Wilhelm Kray's well-known painting of this subject was evidently founded on these lines of Heine's, so well does it represent the enchantress his poem describes.

She is pictured sitting on the high rocks overlooking the Rhine, which is seen below; her long hair and filmy drapery float out on the wind, as she smiles down into the eyes of the passing boatmen, singing her fatal song of enchantment.

Kray was noted for his attractive figure canvases; he loved best to paint these old German legends, or peasant love-tales of Italy, such as his "Return from the

Floral Festival," "Fisherman and Mermaid," etc.

Although he was a native of northern Germany, he spent much time in Italy, before he finally settled in Vienna, where he became one of that famous coterie of artists, including Hans Makart, Angeli, Moritz, Kurzbauer, etc.

Schwanthaler, of the modern German school of sculpture, modelled a "Nymph of the Rhine" for Prince Schwartzenberg. The siren is represented sitting on the shattered remnants of a boat, symbolic of the disaster she has brought about by her singing.

Carl Begas, another German artist, has also painted the Lorelei.

Wagner's Rhine Maidens differed from the Lorelei in their singing, which had no fatality connected with it, but was simply the continuous, low, rippling outburst of the three happy water-spirits who guarded the Rhinegold, buried beneath that stream. Their joyous, murmuring music was not unlike the gurgling of the waves to-day.

These maidens of the Rhine have been favourite subjects with artists, and especially good is Th. Pixis's painting "Siegfried Warned by the Rhine Maidens." Wilhelm Kray's painting of the "Ignis Fatuus" shows us the dazzling .apparition of the fiery maidens who sang and danced at midnight on the morasses near Bischofsheim. Folk-lore tells us they appeared among the dancers at wakes and sang with surpassing sweetness as they danced. When midnight came, a white dove appeared and led them, still singing, back to the mountains.

Herman Kaulbach's painting of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" is a very effective rendering of the old German legend of that name. The picture describes itself. The canvas is literally filled with sweet-faced, quaintly clad children of all ages — some laughing, some hurt in the mad scramble and crying, but all alike struggling to keep up with their newly found and irresistible friend. The interest centres on the face of the Pied Piper himself, lustily blowing his pipe as he rushes ahead, winning the hearts of the children with one laughing, jovial glance back at them, as they swarm after him from all directions.

Robert Browning in his poem, vividly describes the scene Kaulbach has painted.

"Once more he steps into the street;
  And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
  And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rushing that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering."

The merriment of this painting would impress one more were it not for the doom of the childish throng, foreshadowed in it. Enchanted, they follow the Piper out of the town, off to the mountains to a deep hole in the rock —

> "And when all were in to the very last,
> The door in the mountain-side shut fast."

Another and a very different interpretation has been given this story of enchantment by a modern artist, George Mason, whose paintings, "The Evening Hymn," and "The Harvest Moon," brought him fame.

Mason represents the Piper lounging comfortably in the heavy lower branches of a huge shade-tree, piping lazily across a softly rolling meadow.

CHAPTER II.

ST. CECILIA

"At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."
—*From "Alexander's Feast," by* JOHN DRYDEN.

THE beauty and pathos of the legend of the patron saint of music, and virgin martyr, has appealed to artists for centuries past, as well as to those of to-day.

The story of St. Cecilia's life and death was a favourite theme with the old masters, many of whose paintings of this subject are celebrated in the history of art.

When Christianity drove the nymphs and satyrs from their streams and groves, when the gods fled from Olympus and all the hills were vacant and untenanted, the arts were left with no protector, no devotees save those of earth. The primitive simplicity of the early Christian Church made no appeal to the æsthetic side of man's nature. Later, however, the innate love of music and art in the hearts of men made their recognition by the church imperative. To satisfy this craving for musical expression arose the legend of St. Cecilia.

There seems to be little doubt that she really lived, but the facts of her life are so overlaid with marvellous tales, that it is impossible to tell the true from the false. In the "Second Nonnes Tale," Chaucer gives us the legend as it is oftenest found. The generally accepted story is as follows:

She is believed to have lived in the third century, during the reign of Emperor Alexander Severus. Of noble Roman birth, she had been brought up from her infancy in the faith of her parents, who were devout Christians at heart. She was remarkable for her holiness, and composed hymns of such wonderful sweetness that the angels came down from heaven to listen when she sang. Although she played upon all instruments, none seemed to express the religious harmony in her soul, so she invented the organ and dedicated it to the service of the Church.

When very young, she had made a vow of celibacy, wishing to devote her life and voice to the glory of God. Therefore, when at the age of sixteen her parents gave her in marriage to a young noble, a pagan named Valerian, she wore beneath her bridal dress a coarse penitential robe, and prayed Heaven to help her keep her pledge. Through her eloquence, she persuaded her husband to respect her vow, and also converted him to Christianity. She sent Valerian to St. Urban to be baptized. On his return he heard celestial music, and beheld an angel in her room, bearing two crowns of red and white roses, gathered in Paradise, and so invisible to unbelievers, but imperishable in their freshness and fragrance. These wreaths he placed upon the brows of St. Cecilia and Valerian, and granted their prayer that Tibertius, Valerian's brother, should be converted also.

These three then went about among the persecuted Christians, helping them in every way possible, and making many converts, until the wicked Prefect of Rome, Almachius, caused the two men to be put to death. Then he became covetous of the wealth St. Cecilia had inherited, and commanded her to sacrifice to the gods. On refusing, he ordered that she should be placed in a bath of boiling water. But she was so guarded by holiness that she came out of it as refreshed as from a cool spring. The executioner was then sent to put her to death, but, after wounding her three times, he fled. She lived three days, and, after giving all she possessed to the poor, expired with a hymn of praise on her lips.

Her house, at her request, was consecrated as a place of Christian worship, and on the site now stands the Church of St. Cecilia-in-Trastevere. Her body was supposed to have been discovered in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, in 820, and deposited in her church.

When the sarcophagus was solemnly

reopened at the end of the sixteenth century, Stefano Mederno, a sculptor and architect, was present, and afterward made the celebrated statue of "St. Cecilia Lying Dead." This was placed upon her tomb, as a memorial of the attitude and appearance of her body, when discovered.

Sir Charles Bell says: "The body lies on its side. The drapery is beautifully modelled and modestly covers the limbs. The head is enveloped in linen. It is the statue of a lady, perfect in form, and affecting from the resemblance to reality in the drapery of white marble."

It was not till more than a hundred years after her death that she began to be considered the patron saint of music.

Although her church has been again and again rebuilt, it is believed that portions of the original have been spared, and that her bones to-day lie in a silver shrine under the altar, about which ninety-six lamps of silver perpetually burn in her memory.

For many centuries St. Cecilia has been a favourite subject with artists of the Roman and Bolognese school, but she is seldom pictured by the old French artists or those of Venice, Spain, or Germany.

As early as the sixth or seventh century, we find representations of St. Cecilia; the earliest, according to Mrs. Jameson, being that in the cemetery of San Lorenzo. There is a mosiac of her in the catacombs near Rome, and another in her church, made about 817.

There is another St. Cecilia, now in the Uffizi Gallery, which once formed part of an altar-piece. It is a seated figure of much beauty, the saint holding a book in one hand, and in the other a flower, just handed her by an angel.

There is a series of fine small paintings in the Berlin Gallery, by Garofalo, who was a pupil of Perugino. St. Cecilia is at the organ, and the Virgin and St. Anthony of Padua are listening to her as she plays. Luini painted a lovely patron saint, crowned with anemones and white roses, and on the ground before her lie her organ, palm, and book. The library of the Barberini Palace is said to contain fine copies of a series of Byzantine frescoes from the ninth century, ordered by Pope Paschal I. Giulo Campi and San Giorgio have given us their different conceptions of the saint. In the painting of the latter she wears a rich robe of red, and is attended by St. Lucia, St. Catherine, and St. Barbara. St. Cecilia, stands in the centre, rose-crowned, her eyes turned heavenward.

Il Moretto, of the Venetian school of painters, has two fine pictures of St. Cecilia, as patroness of music, in the San Clemente at Brescia. She stands in the centre surrounded by other saints, holding a small organ under her left arm, and embraces St. Lucia with her right. The Holy Spirit is represented as descending from above. Francesco Francia's series of frescoes from the life of St. Cecilia, around the walls of her chapel at Bologna, are almost obliterated by time, the only one discernible, being the scene of the marriage of St. Cecilia and Valerian. The two stand under a marble archway, attended by many friends. The charm of the painting is in its simplicity. St. Cecilia wears a white tunic beneath a crimson outer robe, and reluctantly allows her mother to place her hand in that of Valerian.

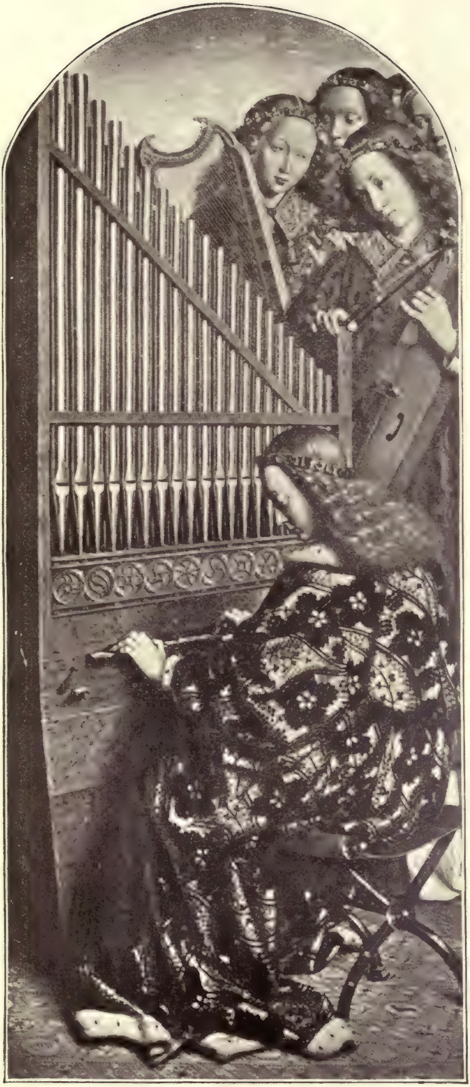
Cimabue painted the musical saint for the old Church of St. Cecilia in Florence, which is now destroyed. She is enthroned, holding the Gospel in one hand, and in the other the palm. This painting formed part of an altar-piece, the others of the series being scenes from her life.

In the Munich Gallery we have a German conception of St. Cecilia, by Lucas von Leyden. Mrs. Jameson describes his St. Cecilia as standing before a little organ, brilliantly robed in a crimson mantle over an underdress of violet, a small jewelled turban confining her hair.

With one hand she plays on a small organ, which a little angel holds up to her, and with the other works the bellows.

The fame of the Van Eyck brothers, of the realistic Flemish school of painting, of the fourteenth century, rests largely upon the wonderful altar-piece painted by them in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent, — a polyptych begun by Huibrecht, the elder, and finished by Jan van Eyck, in 1432.

According to Kugler, it consists of two rows of panels. In the upper central one,



H. AND J. VAN EYCK. — ST. CECILIA

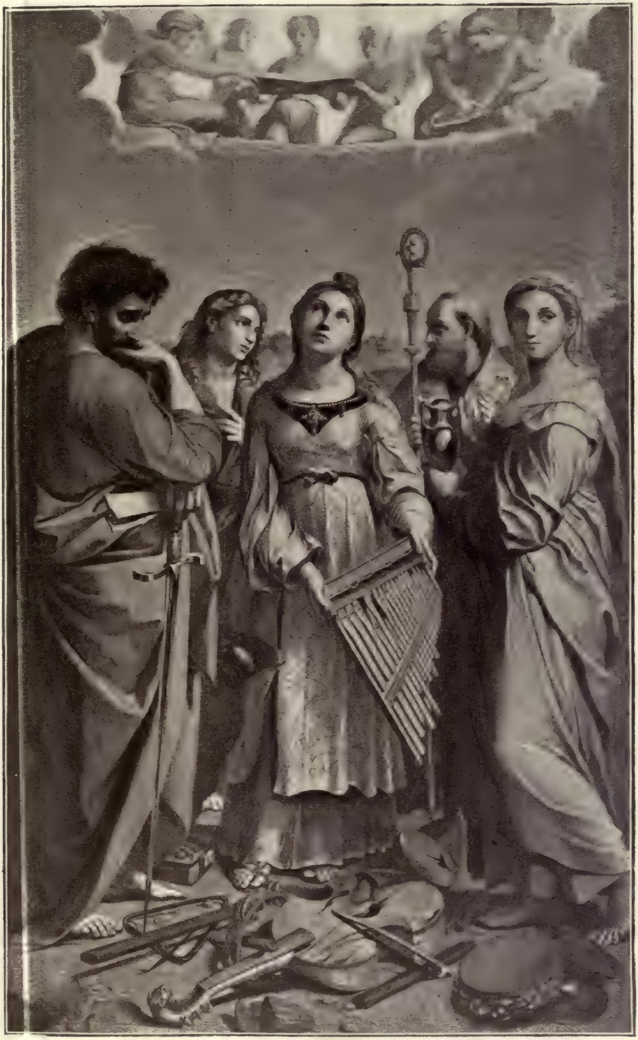
which overtops all the others, is God the Father. On one of the wing groups, on the right of St. John the Baptist, St. Cecilia is represented seated at an oaken organ, in deep meditation, her hands touching the keys. Her gown is of rich black brocade, the design of which is beautifully and minutely shown. To one side of the organ several angels stand with viols, harps, and other stringed instruments. The angels are painted with much feeling and gentleness, the whole panel showing a perfection of technique fully justifying the fame of the brothers.

Referring to this altar-piece, Kugler says: "This and other paintings of the brothers Van Eyck, are characterized by a wonderful, conscientious execution of minute details, by great warmth of colour, by a serious and noble conception of the subjects themselves. . . . For historical purposes Flemish art was begun, and almost completed, by Jan Van Eyck. He painted real forms, real life, gave them a setting in true perspective and light, and put in background landscapes with a truthful if minute regard for facts."

Until the fifteenth century, according to Mrs. Jameson, St. Cecilia is rarely painted with her musical instruments, but has usually the martyr's palm, and a crown of roses, and is often attended by an angel.

Doubtless the most famous of all the paintings of St. Cecilia, as patroness of music, is the one painted by Raphael (1516), for Cardinal Laurentio Pucci, to be used as an altar-piece for the chapel in the Church of San Giovanni-in-Monte, near Bologna. It is now in the Pinacoteca, Bologna, and is reproduced here.

She stands in the centre, wearing a rich gold-coloured dress, with a circle of jewels on her head. She is languidly holding a small organ, from which the reeds are fall-



RAPHAEL. — ST. CECILIA

ing, and, with eyes raised to heaven, is listening entranced to a glory of singing angels in the clouds above her. Before her, at her feet, lie the broken instruments which she has discarded before making the organ, and now, in her delight at the heavenly music, she seems on the point of dropping that also.

St. Paul, a noble figure in crimson and green, leans meditatively on his unsheathed sword, at St. Cecilia's right, while on her left, the lovely face of St. John, the beloved disciple, watches intently the inspired countenance of the saint. On the other side, St. Augustine stands with a bishop's staff, and, in full view, Mary Magdalene, in violet, is painted, holding a jar of ointment. It has been suggested that her face is that of the "Fornarina," a face Raphael loved, and often painted.

Since St. Cecilia's face is the only

one turned heavenward, one writer suggests that Raphael, by this, may have intended to imply that she, only, heard and knew the meaning of the divine music. "A sudden inspiration called forth this picture," writes Passavant, "and it was in one of his most inspired moments that the master composed this exquisite painting. Everything in it speaks of faith and zeal. All the noble countenances bear the divine stamp, and yet, whatever may be the exultation of their souls, their attitudes are full of the calmest majesty. Surrounded by these great and touching figures, St. Cecilia is standing, radiant with ecstasy, listening to the divine harmonies sung by the angels in heaven. The beauty of the style and the depth of expression are not the only things that render this a masterpiece, but the combination of these with harmony, richness, and powerful colouring. The colouring responds to the poetry of the subject; it carries us into an ethereal and mysterious atmosphere. No colourist has ever equalled this splendour, which we may call almost divine."

In Shelley's tribute to this picture he says: "You forget that it is a picture as you look at it; and yet it is most unlike any of those things which we call reality. It is of the inspired and ideal kind, and seems to have been conceived and executed in a similar state of feeling to that which produced among the ancients those perfect specimens of poetry and sculpture which are the baffling models of succeeding generations. . . . She is listening to the music of heaven, and, as I imagine, has just ceased to sing, for the four figures that surround her evidently point, by their attitudes, toward her; particularly St. John, who, with a tender yet impassioned gesture, bends his countenance toward her, languid with the depth of his emotion."

This painting was taken to Paris, in 1796, by Napoleon's army, where it remained nearly twenty years, before being restored to the art gallery at Bologna.

Vasari intimates that the organ and other musical instruments in the picture are the work, not of Raphael, but of one of his pupils. Certain it is that there is an obvious incongruity in combining into one picture five saints, none of whom lived in the same age. But it is well known that, in Raphael's time, artists were often restricted in their compositions and choice of subjects by the taste of their patrons.

Guido Reni made a fine copy of this painting, which is in the Church of St. Louis of France, at Rome. In the Pope's hunting-castle at Magline, near Rome, is an almost ruined fresco, by Raphael, of

St. Cecilia's martyrdom, preserved to us, however, in a good copy.

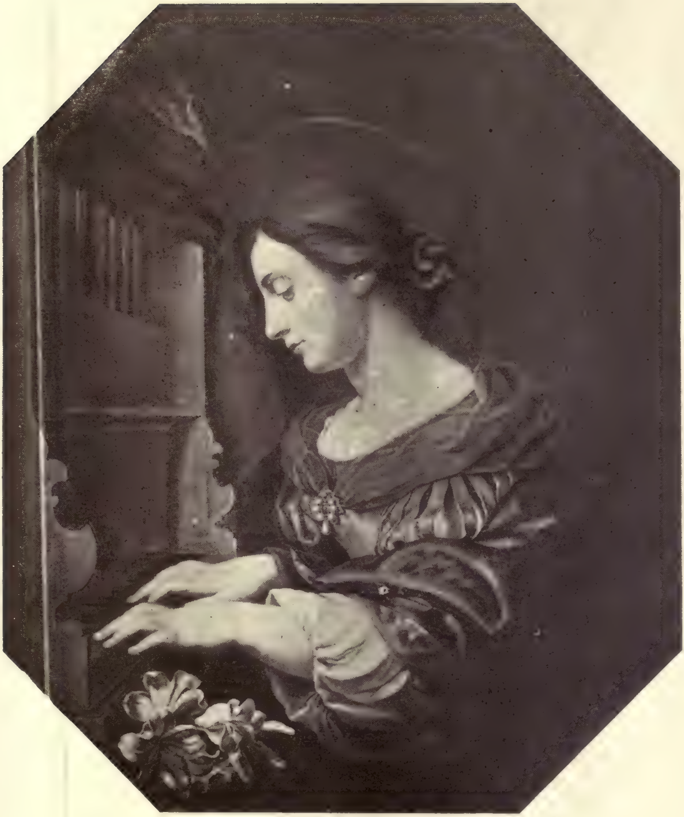
Two Italian artists of the seventeenth century, Sassoferrato and Carlo Dolce, of the school of Bologna, painted Madonnas and saints with much grace and charm. Sassoferrato's lovely portrait of St. Cecilia, with its beautiful upturned eyes, and lips slightly parted in song, is in the Venice Academy, and the St. Cecilia of Carlo Dolce, which is here reproduced, is in the Dresden Gallery.

Carlo Dolce was a Florentine, and the last of that school in style, taste and time. He was heir to all their traditions, and has added to their harmonious colouring, an exquisite finish all his own.

In this, as in nearly all his paintings, soft reds, blues and yellows are used, and so beautifully are they blended that the whole effect is as of a rich glow of light from behind the canvas. The sweetness and spirit of devotion so characteristic of his work is very evident in this picture. It was this quality which made him so successful a painter of feminine personages.

Seated at the organ, her face in profile, his St. Cecilia gazes meditatively at the keys, as she lightly touches them with her fingers.

A golden aureole surmounts her soft brown hair, and a stem of white lilies, the symbol of chastity, is seen at her left. Her dress is of yellow satin, with sleeves of white, and a brown veiling, draped around her shoulders, is held in place by a ruby mounted in gold and surrounded by pearls. A gold-bordered violet drapery is thrown across her arms, and a red cloth drapes the upper part of the organ. The tender sentiment of the whole composition impresses one, and the "delicacy and softness, the warmth and harmony," says



CARLO DOLCE. — ST. CECILIA

M. Haufstaengl, "make of this picture the masterpiece of Carlo Dolce."

It was painted for the Duke Cosmo III., and is now in the Dresden collection.

Three centuries earlier than Carlo Dolce, another Florentine artist of the Renaissance period gave us his ideal of St. Cecilia. Donatello, which is only a pet diminutive for Donato, — his real name, — was known far and wide for his success in low-relief. Instead of using paint he chose marble as his medium of expression, but so delicately are the surfaces related to each other, that the low-relief has all the effect of soft colour — a picture in delicate monochrome with pencilled edges.

His was the golden age of sculpture, as the following century was of painting. He cared more that his works should be true to the character of the people he portrayed, than that they should be beautiful. From the work of his truth-loving chisel, we may gain a knowledge of the people who really walked the streets of Florence in his day; not idealized into meaningless copies of each other, but with their faults, follies, and virtues plainly written in their faces.

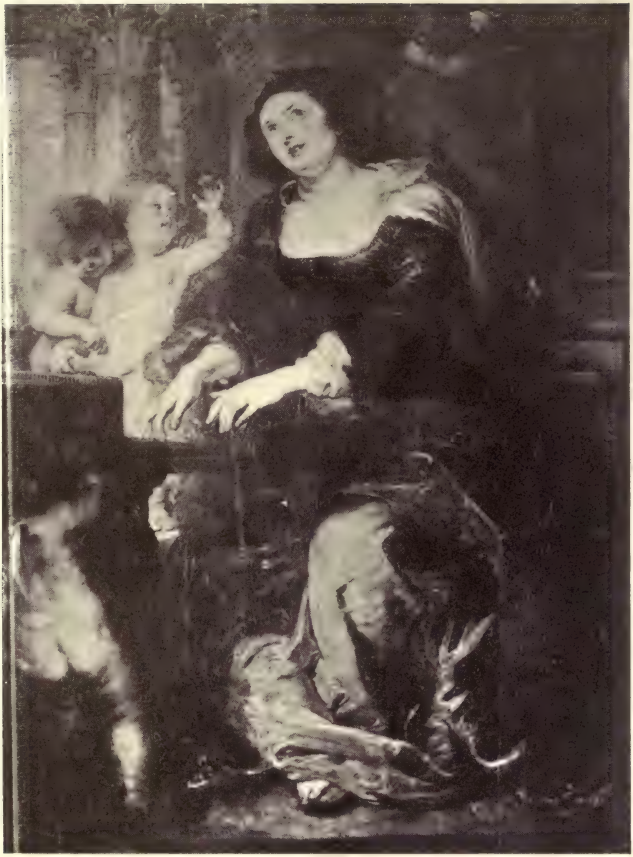
Of the exquisite works of this sculptor, we have none more beautiful than this profile head of the musical saint, now in the possession of Lord Elcho, and reproduced in our frontispiece. "Her lovely features, drooping eye, and slightly inclined head," says Mr. Perkins, "recall Dante's description of Beatrice, in one of his most exquisite sonnets. Her head is encircled with a diadem, from beneath which her hair here and there escapes, in locks so fine as to be only discoverable by the closest observation. The head is worked out in relief, which in parts hardly rises more than the thickness of a sheet of paper above the surface, though full of the most delicate alternations, and modelled with consummate skill and truth to nature."

The "St. Cecilia" of Rubens, here reproduced, is in the Berlin Gallery, and is a large canvas, broadly painted, and glowing with the rich colours typical of the work of this great Flemish master. As a painting of a lovely woman playing on a harpsichord, the painting satisfies us, but considered as the martyr saint and patroness of music, it strikes one as lacking in spiritual beauty and feeling, often noticeable in his treatment of sacred subjects.

Whether Rubens painted saint, god, or mortal, his brush revelled in voluptuously rounded forms and radiant flesh-tints, and the fair musician he has here represented is no exception. Her robust figure, glowing complexion, and entire attitude bespeak earthly rather than heavenly thoughts. The eyes are lifted, as are also those of Guido Reni's St. Cecilia, in the Borghese, but the spirit of rapt devotion, noticeable in the face of the latter, is completely absent from that of the Flemish master's.

It is the portrait of a beautiful woman, Helen Fourment, Rubens's niece and second wife, whom he married when she was but a girl of sixteen. Like the beloved "Saskia" of Rembrandt, the face of Rubens's Helen appears again and again in portraits and in most of his ideal and religious subjects.

As St. Cecilia, she is gracefully seated at the harpsichord, playing and singing with uplifted eyes, her lovely fingers scarcely touching the keys. In the position of the musician's fingers, Rubens has evidently followed the Bach technique. She wears a rich drapery of lustrous silk, and four chubby little angels attend her,



RUBENS. — ST. CECILIA

two of whom are at her side, and a third is seated upon the back of a sphinx at her left.

"From the day of his marriage with his second wife, Helen Fourment," says Paul Mantz, "a sort of St. Martin's summer began in Rubens's life, and seemed to lend to his heart and to his genius the impulse of another spring-time. Apparently, too, he was eager to share the delight he took in her with all the world, and she was for many years, and, indeed, to the end of his life, continually in his mind and in his eyes. He never wearied of reproducing her young grace. The portraits of her are numberless."

So very numerous, indeed, are the portraits of this girl-wife, that there is hardly an important gallery in Europe without at least one, and the Munich contains four.

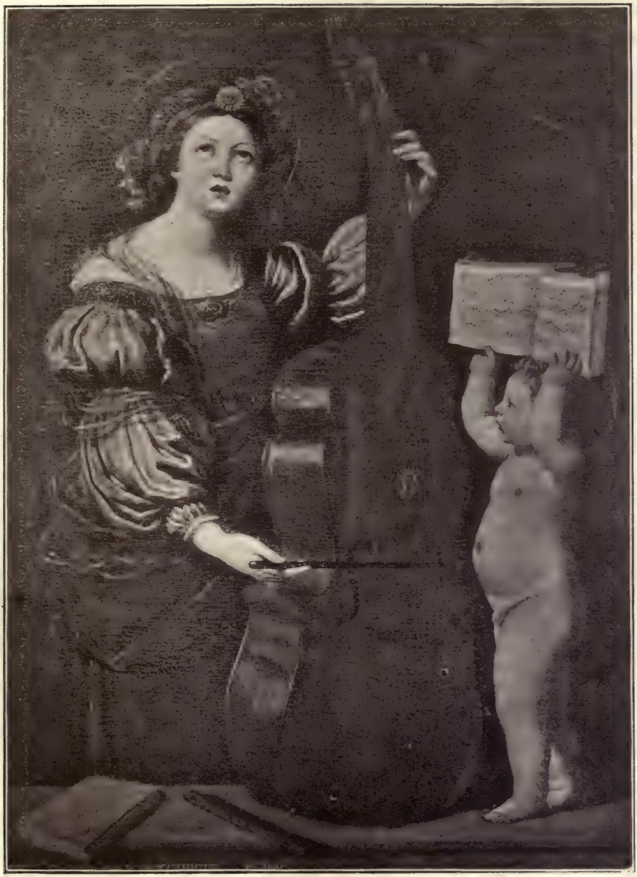
As a master of light and a colour-harmonist, Rubens was a genius. In technique and execution, this picture ranks as a masterpiece of the great Fleming, and the infantile charm and beauty of the angels, is one of the happiest notes of the painting.

Until 1756, the picture was in the collection of Prince Carignan, when it was sold to the Duc de Tallard for twenty thousand florins.

Although with the death of the great masters of the Renaissance, painting in Italy declined, the school of Bologna did much to revive the art through the Carracci and their illustrious pupils, Guido Reni and Domenico Zampieri. With both artists St. Cecilia was a favourite theme, Domenichino having made six paintings of her, while Guido also made several paintings of her. Especially beautiful is the St. Cecilia with a violin in the Palace Borghese, of the latter. It is a half-length figure, holding a violin, across which she has just drawn her bow, and paused, with uplifted eyes, as though listening to the heavenly music. Back of her are seen the pipes of the organ she invented. The head of the saint, which is singularly fine, is bound with folds of white drapery, a sort of turban. Her upturned face is sad, yet exquisitely beautiful and serene, as though resigned to her awful fate. The eyes and mouth are characteristically sweet and tender, bringing to mind the sadness in the eyes of that celebrated painting of "Beatrice Cenci," attributed to Guido. The lovely shoulders and upturned face of the saint are bathed in a glow of light which suffuses the whole canvas, the colouring throughout being rich and extremely pleasing, as in most of Guido's work. It is, in fact, one of the loveliest specimens of this master's work.

While Guido Reni felt a deep love for beauty in line, form, and grouping, his work, as a whole, shows little spontaneity. Kugler tells us, " His ideal consisted not so much in an exalted and purified conception of beautiful nature, as in an unmeaning, empty abstraction, devoid of individual life and personal interest. In the beauty of his forms, of the heads particularly (which are mostly copied from celebrated antiques, such as that of Niobe), and in his grouping, we perceive the cold calculation of the understanding, and it is but seldom that a spontaneous feeling makes its way."

Among his other paintings of St. Cecilia, is a fine copy of Raphael's famous painting of this subject, which, according to Bellari, " need not be afraid of the original." This is probably now in the Gallery of Bologna, where it was placed after being transferred to canvas in 1813, from the



DOMENICHINO. — ST. CECILIA

wood on which the original painting was made.

Of the six single figures of St. Cecilia as patron saint by Domenico Zampieri, or Domenichino, as he was familiarly called, the one in the Louvre, reproduced here, is considered his masterpiece. At the time in which he lived, the art of playing the violoncello was very fashionable. He was himself a great lover of music, and found in it a diversion from the small cares of life. He understood the theory of music, and had several instruments made from suggestions of his own.

The saint sits in three-quarter profile, her eyes raised toward heaven, as she sings and accompanies herself on the viol. On her head she wears a sort of jewelled turban, which is the head-dress usually chosen by Domenichino in his numerous paintings of her. He was in Rome at the time the sarcophagus was opened, the idea being thus suggested to him by the folds of cloth in which the saint's head was found wrapped.

Her costume is one of great richness. She sits with her full face toward us, resting her violoncello on a stone balustrade on which is also standing a little nude angel, in profile, holding out to her an open book of music which he supports upon his head. The book bears a little Latin verse.

Her beautiful face, full of divine enthusiasm and emotion, is of a dazzling whiteness; and the angel is characteristic of the grace and spirit so typical of all Domenichino's figures.

Gauthier says of this painting, " It sums up the talent of the painter — a grace somewhat heavy in its ingenuousness, but lovable on account of its very sincerity, a true feeling of nature in a toilsome work, where will has a greater part than inborn gift."

The picture is supposed to have been originally painted for Cardinal Ludovisi, and was brought into France by M. de Jabach, who afterward sold it to Louis XIV.

Domenichino's celebrated series of frescoes, scenes from the life and martyrdom of St. Cecilia, in San Luigi, Rome, are fine examples of his great talent. Mrs. Jameson refers to them as "extremely beautiful," and mentions others from his brush, one a single figure, representing Cecilia as patron saint, in which she wears a robe of amber and violet, and is crowned with a wreath of red and white roses. She holds a scroll of music, and near the organ is an angel carrying her palm.

There is another painting of his in which her head is draped in a magnificent jewelled turban, and still another, in the possession of Lord Lansdowne, in which the saint is represented as both virgin martyr and patron saint. Mrs. Jameson's account of it is interesting: "Her tunic is of a deep red with white sleeves, and on her head she wears a kind of turban, which, in the artless disposition of its folds, recalls the linen head-dress in which her body was found, and no doubt was intended to imitate it. She holds the viol gracefully, and you almost hear the tender tones she draws from it. She looks up to heaven; her expression is not ecstatic, as of one listening to the angel, but devout, tender, and melancholy — as one who anticipated her fate, and was resigned to it. She is listening to her own song, and her song is, 'Thy will be done.'"

Domenichino also painted a St. Cecilia for an altar-piece illustrating the martyrdom of the saint, which was placed in one of the Trastevere churches.

It remains now to consider the work of

several modern artists, with whom the saint seems to have been a favourite subject, — Paul Delaroche, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burne-Jones, Strudwick, and others, all of whom put on canvas their ideals of St. Cecilia.

Paul Delaroche, the well-known painter of historic scenes, of the modern French school of painting, has given us a pleasing St. Cecilia, with a landscape setting. She is dressed in white, and is represented out under the trees of her palace grounds, singing and accompanying herself on her little organ, which two kneeling angels support for her. This picture has been criticized as being too mediæval in style, which may be accounted for by the fact that the artist was much influenced by Overbeck.

Of the English painters of the eighteenth century, Sir Joshua Reynolds has two canvases representing St. Cecilia.

In one, a parody on Raphael's famous painting, he has painted Mrs. Billington, the English singer, as the patron saint of music, and placed in her hands, instead of the organ, a music book, but her attention is held by some angels singing above her.

In the other, a more serious treatment of the subject, he has painted the lovely Elizabeth Linley as St. Cecilia. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy, in 1775, and fifteen years later Sheridan, who survived his wife, bought it of the artist for one hundred and fifty guineas. It is now in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

The "St. Cecilia," of J. M. Strudwick is, like all the other work of this disciple of Burne-Jones, the creation of a poet. It is as decorative in effect as it is beautiful in both conception and colouring.

"His pictures speak for themselves,"

says Percy Bate, "and it is easy to see that with Strudwick as with Rossetti, the endeavour to embody beautifully a beautiful conception stands first and foremost. Inspired now to pay a painter's homage to music, now to depict some poetic theme from the regions of romance, he has painted such pictures as 'St. Cecilia,' 'Golden Strings,' and 'Elaine;' and in every case he has adorned his picture with such a wealth of charming detail, such glow of colour, and such delicacy of handling, that they haunt the memory even as other sweet visions do."

There is a stained glass window, of great beauty, in Christ Church, Oxford, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, illustrating the legend of St. Cecilia in a series of beautiful compositions. In the three upper divisions of the window, we see the saint, who plays upon a small organ, attended by two angels, who listen with rapt faces to her music. The three lower panels show the martyr girl in her room, with Valerian, whom she is exhorting; the young couple being crowned by an angel with flowers from Paradise; and the death of the kneeling bride.

Lauenstein, Hofmann, and Knopp show us the modern German conception of St. Cecilia. That of Hofmann is a portrait painting, and the head, which is expressive, bears a crown of leaves. Lauenstein's painting contains not only the figure of the saint, seated at the organ, but a host of angels, winging their way from an opening in the clouds, until they throng her room, and join their voices with hers.

Mr. George Hitchcock has painted a most beautiful modern head of St. Cecilia. It is a fair young face with pale hair drawn meekly away on each side of the brow; dim, listening eyes, blind to all things near them; a simple robe fastened at the neck with a clasp; a halo of gold as pale as the hair; and in her hand is the organ. The only brilliance is a mosaic-like background of green leaves and magenta-coloured flowers, and we feel that, "Beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face."

And lastly must be mentioned a St. Cecilia which displays the most delightful qualities of American art of to-day, painted by the late Frederick E. Church, who was one of the foremost painters of this country.

The graceful young figure of the saint, whose face is seen in profile, is seated on a bench before the organ, attended by two angels, who listen to her heavenly music. The three figures are relieved by a background of dark green foliage, through which is seen a glimpse of the midnight sky.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMPOSERS

"O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the blood beats of song;
With tremor of heart-strings magnetic;
With thoughts as thunder in throng;
With constant ardour of chords
That pierce men's souls as with swords
And hale them hearing along."

— SWINBURNE.

THE old masters of music gave their lives to their art, and the story of this wonderful devotion to music has been beautifully told on canvas. To-day we may see their baby fingers on piano, organ, and violin; we behold their court and drawing-room triumphs, and their friends. Artists have made immortal their death-bed scenes —

sublime moments when music was still the reigning passion.

From the godly-souled Palestrina of the sixteenth century to Wagner and Liszt, every composer of note has been the subject of painting. As Raphael, only a few short years before, had embodied the highest spiritual feeling of his time in his paintings of the Madonnas, so Palestrina, in the simple grandeur of his great masses, evolved a type of sacred music higher than had ever before existed.

When he was chapel-master for the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, Pope Pius IV. awoke to the fact that Church music was fast losing its dignity and solemnity, through the influence of Flemish composers, who, lacking ability to write great masses, chose secular airs to which they put sacred words.

Ordinary folk-songs were sometimes introduced by the tenor, while the main part of the choir chanted a solemn " Gloria."

The Pope would have none of this, and he directed Palestrina to compose a mass thoroughly devotional in character; one which would prove that music and religion were not incompatible.

Palestrina, his brain already full of beautiful ideas, gave himself up to the work with enthusiasm, finally evolving his famous " Mass of Pope Marcellus II.," for six voices, first sung in the Sistine Chapel. The composer passed the night before the critical event in devotion and prayer, keeping holy vigil, like a knight on the eve of battle.

The next day the Pope, the nobles and ecclesiastics, the great composers and patrons of music, and many of Palestrina's friends thronged the chapel. The mass played by the master thrilled his hearers. It was pronounced a model on which all future Church music must be formed, and Palestrina was chosen composer to the pontifical choir at Rome. Denne-Baron, referring to this mass,[1] wrote, "Nothing has equalled the power, the profound and simple accent, the mystic tenderness, and the ravishing sweetness of his chants."

After composing over ninety masses, nearly sixty-five motets, besides litanies, madrigals, magnificats and lamentations, many of which may still be heard in our churches on Easter Sundays and in Christmas services, Palestrina died in February, 1594. His "Stabat Mater," "Magnificat," and "Miserere" are sung in St. Peter's to-day.

The scene in the Sistine Chapel, just described, has been the subject of an interesting painting, which is, perhaps, the most important of the many representing this "Homer of the most ancient music," as Dr. Charles Burney calls him. Palestrina is seated at the organ in the chapel, his hands on the keys, and his foot on the pedal. His whole soul is in the music. A young woman stands at his left, singing, her hand resting on the back of his chair. Another, in a long robe of white, her hair softly waving down her back, kneels gracefully at the master's right, and sings with rapt face, while three men stand just behind, with a sheet of music, and join in the chorus. Beyond, in a doorway, leans a shadowy figure, listening.

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[1] From Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary, by permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Ferdinand Heilbuth, a German artist, has given us a picturesque representation of Palestrina in his old age, surrounded by some charmingly gowned young women, to whom he is evidently discoursing on music. Were it not for the violin Heilbuth has put in his right hand, the picture would impress us more, since Palestrina's biographers fail to record his ever having played on that instrument. Besides his historical scenes, Heilbuth has painted many charming châteaux, pastoral and water scenes so well that they have been described as "little Watteaus of the nineteenth century."

There is a painting of the composer Lulli as a little boy of about twelve, which appeals to all who see it. The artist, Hippolyte de la Charlerie, a Belgian, exhibited it at the Paris salon in 1869 (the year of his death), where it was a favourite. He represents young Lulli playing his violin in the kitchen of "La Grande Mademoiselle," as the Duchesse de Montpensier was called.

Lulli evidently made as poor a cook as did Alfred the Great, for he seems entirely oblivious of his duties. He stands leaning against a tub, his work apron still on, and is surrounded by pots, pans, vegetables, and other kitchen paraphernalia.

Walter Rowland relates how the Chevalier de Guise once passed through Florence, and heard a bright-faced boy singing to his guitar, in the street. He remembered the Duchesse de Montpensier had requested him to send her from Italy "a young musician to enliven my house." Lulli was persuaded to return with the chevalier, but "La Grande Mademoiselle's" interest in the young singer was so short-lived that she tired of him almost at once, and ordered him to the kitchen.

Continuing his music amid such surroundings, all went well until some one one day handed him some verses not too complimentary of his mistress. A bright air suggested itself to Lulli as fitting the verses, and with this new song he entertained the cooks and serving-men until the duchess, being informed of his uncourteous behaviour, this time banished him from the palace.

Thus began the career of the great Lulli. So much fame did he win later in life, with his operas of "Armide," "Alceste," "Psyche," and others, that he is looked upon as the founder of French opera.

"Tartini's Dream" is the subject of a painting by James Marshall. It is owned by Count von Schack, and hangs in his great collection of German paintings in Munich.

Tartini's dream came about in a romantic way, as did most of the events of his early life. At the college of the "Padri delle Scuole," at Capo d'Istria, he had already had his first lessons on the instrument which was afterward to make him famous, — the violin. His relatives sent him to study law, but finding the pretty young niece of the Bishop of Padua more interesting, he won her heart, and one day the lovers were quietly married. When the bishop and Tartini's family discovered the secret, life was made so wretched for him that the young man fled to Assisi for safety, and his young wife saw him no more for two years. Tartini took refuge in a monastery, whose kindly sacristan proved to be from his native town. He was given a cell, and in it took place the dream which the artist Marshall has so vividly pictured.

Tartini has thrown himself upon his cot to sleep, but the dream stirs him into half-wakefulness. The cell is bathed in moonlight, one hand is raised to his forehead, and the other is thrust forward, grasping his violin. On the foot of the couch sits the devil, merrily fiddling. Tartini has himself told the story of his composing of the "Devil's Sonata," as it is still called: "One night, in the year 1713, I dreamed that I had made a compact with the devil, and he stood at my command. Everything thrived according to my wish, and whatever I desired or longed for was immediately realized through the effectiveness of my new vassal. A fancy seized me to give him my violin to see if he could, perchance, play some beautiful melodies for me. How surprised I was to hear a sonata, so beautiful and singular, rendered in such an intelligent and masterly manner as I had never heard before. Astonishment and rapture overcame me so completely that I swooned away. On returning to consciousness I hastily took up my violin, hoping to play at least a part of what I had heard, but in vain. The sonata, I supposed at that time, was certainly my best, and I still call it the 'Devil's Sonata,' but this composition is so far beneath the one I heard in my dream, that I would have broken my violin and given up music altogether, had I been able to live without it."

The "Devil's Sonata," is one of the exhibits to-day in the library of the Paris Conservatory, and the diabolical laugh with which it ends appeals to lovers of descriptive music.

Recently, the little town of Pirano has unveiled a statue of Tartini by the Italian sculptor, Dal Zotto, whose masterly production was so enthusiastically received, that the people carried the sculptor about on their shoulders. The moment chosen is when Tartini had just drawn his bow across his violin and pauses in wonder, having accidentally discovered the "third sound."

Of the four best known paintings of "Old Bach," one represents him as the little "Sebastian," sitting in a deep window copying music by moonlight, which floods the manuscript before him and falls tenderly on his boyish head and eager fingers. He toiled away at his beloved task, evening after evening for six long months, only to have the finished work confiscated by his unsympathetic brother Christoph. He had absorbed all the music he could get hold of until he knew the notes by heart, but remembering some fine manuscript volumes of his brother's, he asked for them only to be refused. One large volume of difficult compositions especially interested him, and he knew where it was kept, locked up on a shelf just behind a wicket gate. Since his brother refused it, why should he not get it himself, he thought, so he waited until the house was still. Softly he crept out of bed, up the stairs to the great, deep window, reached his baby fingers through the wire lattice, worked and tugged until he pulled the music through. How fast he made his fingers fly, for when the moonlight faded he knew he must stop, for he was afraid to light a candle. Back he tiptoed to bed, when he could no longer see the notes, and patiently waited for the next night. These long months of work were too great a strain on his eyes, however, and in his old age he lost his sight entirely.

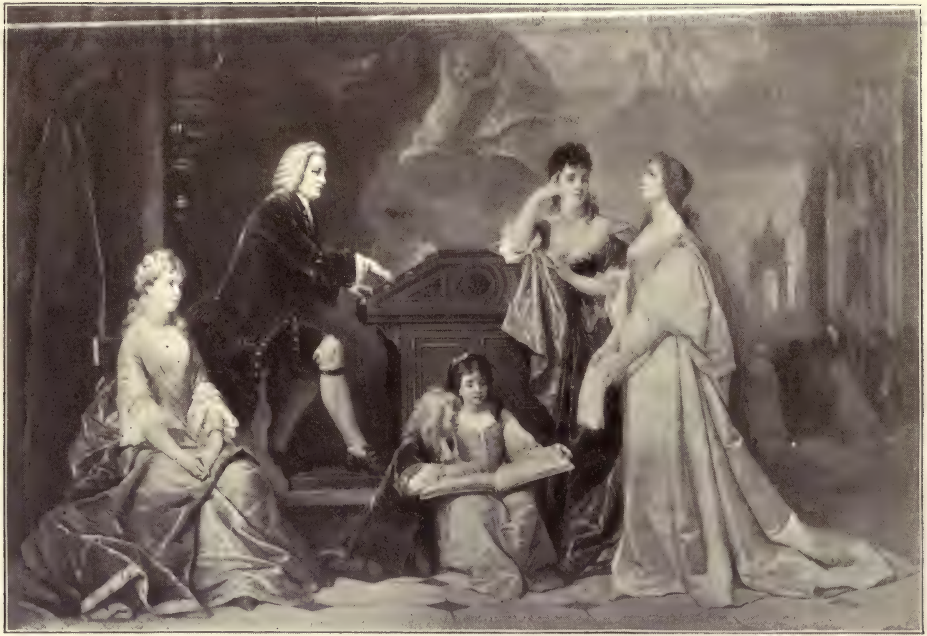
While quite a young man Bach was made organist of the newly built church at Arnstadt, where he met and fell in love with his cousin, Maria Barbara Bach, who was visiting in the town. Her tastes also were musical, and before long they were married. Bach composed his beautiful cantatas at this time. The years that followed were very happy ones for them both, surrounded by a large family.

In the Museum of Leipsic, is Toby E. Rosenthal's painting, "Morning Devotions in the Family of Bach." Here we see eleven members of this charming family circle. His wife is over by the prettily curtained window with its growing flowers, putting the breakfast on the table, while one of the younger boys, probably Johann Christian Friedrich, leans over the back of a chair. Old Bach is seated at the clavichord, playing and directing the singing of the morning hymn, glancing around with an amused but fatherly interest at one child who has lost his place. His eldest son, Wilhelm Friedemann, is given a prominent place in the picture, as he stands playing the violin, while near him is one of his baby sisters singing, but tightly holding a doll under her arm. Another child, too young to sing, plays on the floor with a kitten under the piano, and the elaborately carved cradle probably holds still another, as he had twenty.

Carl Philipp Emanuel, called the "Berlin Bach," who afterward became organist to Count von Lippe of Buckeburg, stands beside his eldest sister at Bach's right, both joining in the singing. It is a very domestic scene, and there is no reason to suppose Bach's household looked otherwise than as here painted. Bach himself wrote of his children: "They are one and all born musicians, and I can assure you I can already form a concert, both vocal and instrumental, of my own family."

The artist of this painting, Rosenthal, left this country when very young to study art in Germany. He became a pupil of Piloty and Professor Raupp, and it is to him that we are also indebted for the beautiful painting of "Elaine," as she floats down to Launcelot on her funeral barge.

Bach prospered and his fame spread during the eight or nine years he spent at Weimar as concert-master for the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Although this was before Goethe lived there, the atmosphere of the place had been one of music and art for



HAMMAN. — BACH'S PRELUDES

hundreds of years, and Bach found it congenial. Here he composed his remarkable "Actus Tragicus," and many preludes, chorales, and cantatas.

This era was followed by another, equally prosperous, as capellmeister at the brilliant court of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cothen. The prince, being a relative of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, had met Bach in those earlier days.

Edouard Jean Hamman, the Belgian artist who has painted many historical scenes in the lives of the old composers, is at his best in the beautiful painting, "Bach's Preludes," here reproduced. The scene is probably the chapel of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The "father of modern piano music" sits at the organ, richly dressed, accompanying the voices of the beautiful women of the duke's household as they sing one of his great preludes, possibly his charming aria, "Break and

Die," to which Crowest refers when he says, "Nothing could be more exquisite than the soft and heavenly music which accompanies all that Jesus speaks, and, as it were, surrounds the divine Being with a halo of glory separating him from the other personages."

This picture shows Bach much as Doctor Spitta describes him: "He was, above all, grave and earnest, and with all his politeness and consideration for his fellow men, his demeanour was dignified and commanded respect. He must have been of a powerfully broad and stalwart build, with a full, but vigorous and marked face, a wide brow, strongly arched eyebrows, and a stern or even sinister line between them. In the nose and mouth, on the contrary, we find an expression of easy humour; the eyes are keen and eager."

The graceful figure standing by the organ singing, and gowned in white satin, is the Princess Frederike Henriette of Anhalt-Bernburg, and the lovely boy and girl sitting together below the organ are her children. Whether Bach's daughter and his second wife are the others is doubtful, yet Bach once wrote, "My present wife sings a very clear soprano and my eldest daughter joins in bravely."

Indeed, Anna Magdalena Wülken was a young professional singer when Bach married her, and biographers say she had "a lovely and powerful voice." Bach's style of fingering, which he originated, is noticeable in this painting; also the fact that he is using his thumbs, for it is known that he was the first organist to do so. The artist has painted an allegorical background of cherubs and clouds above, while a cathedral with its gathering congregation is vaguely outlined below. Hamman has a long list of distinctions to his credit, including the Legion of Honour, in 1864, and the Order of Leopold, in 1854. In the Luxembourg is his "Childhood of Francis the First," and many of his historical paintings were purchased by the Museum at Brussels. His "Painting Lesson" and a portrait were exhibited at the salon of 1877.

Herman Kaulbach's painting of "Frederick the Great and Bach" refers to the last visit Bach ever made. His son, Philipp Emanuel, was court musician to Frederick at this time and urged his father to accept the king's invitation to come to Potsdam. Frederick the Great ceased a flute solo he had just begun, when Bach arrived, and at once gave the old composer possession of the organ. His playing so astonished the king that he arose from his seat and repeatedly cried out, "There is only one Bach!" This is the moment Kaulbach has chosen to represent in his painting.

Hamman's painting, "Gluck at the Trianon," shows us Gluck presenting a manuscript to Marie Antoinette, who is surrounded by her friends. This "musician of the soul," as he has been called, was a frequent guest at the queen's country home at Versailles. Her love for music began when, as Dauphiness, she first met Mozart. Gluck was her music master, and after she became Queen of France, she continued her lessons with him. From the brush of this same Belgian artist we have the "Workshop of Stradivarius," which he painted in 1869. This "greatest violin maker the world has ever known" is portrayed in his old age, sitting in the attic of his house, which he has chosen for his workshop, bending over a violin in his hand. From the rusty nails in the old beams of the wall of his room hang a number of other violins of his own workmanship, and on a table at his right and a stand in front of him are others. As he works the light from a high window falls across his brow, hands, and knees, the table, and the violins.

Häweis, in his book on old violins, wrote, describing a visit to this shop: "Here, up in the high air, with the sun his helper, the light his minister, the blessed soft airs his journeymen, what time the workaday noise of the city rose, and the sound of matins and vespers was in his ears, through the long, warm days, worked Antonio Stradivari."

Hamman has also given us the familiar painting of "Händel and George I." When George I. was the Elector of Hanover, and Händel his chapel-master, the latter was granted a year's vacation. He long overstayed the twelve months, and during his absence Queen Anne died and his master was crowned king. George I., the story runs, did not restore Händel at once to favour, and as time passed he grew anxious. Baron Kielmansegge, friend of both king and musician, planned a reconciliation. Soon there was to take place an imposing water fête including the entire court. At the baron's suggestion Händel composed a serenade for the king, his famous "Water Music," to be played and conducted by himself from another boat, following closely that of his Majesty.

The painting shows George I., whose attention is attracted by the music in the accompanying boat, sitting in his splendid barge, under a royal canopy. Accompanying him, as his guests, are several noblewomen and Baron Kielmansegge. The baron, with outstretched arm, is soliciting pardon for Händel. Oarsmen are seen at opposite ends of the boat.

The picture of Händel which most

touches our hearts is Margaret Dicksee's "Child Händel." Miss Dicksee, an English artist, has painted a very dear and lovable little Händel sitting at a spinet and softly playing to himself in the moonlight. The moment depicted is when he is discovered by the family, the father entering first, holding a lantern up before the child's face in utter astonishment; next follows the child's mother, or perhaps the sympathetic aunt who secretly gave little Händel the spinet as well as her encouragement. Other members of the family throng the doorway. Little Händel, in his night clothes, is the most unconcerned figure in the picture, as he calmly looks up from his instrument at the intruders.

The story accompanying this painting in the Royal Academy is to the effect that Händel's father intended him to study law. Music was forbidden the child; and to further make it impossible, all the musical instruments in the house were despatched to the attic. But little Händel was not to be baffled, for he was determined, young though he was. He discovered the hiding-place chosen, and when all were in bed he slipped up to the attic and softly played. "And there among the cobwebs," says Miss Chapin, "on nights both cold and warm, moonlit and dark, Georg sat by the little spinet and played. In the dim light the infinitesimal tones floated out in ghosts of melodies. All manner of musical spirits were evoked, to dance about the old, dusty garret while the boy played, and to depart silently when he left his treasure, to creep away to bed."

Some accounts say the child dampened the keys to muffle the sound so that the family should not hear him; others say that the strings were wrapped in cloth to subdue the sound. The strange sounds, distantly heard by the family, and the ghostly little figure flitting through the hallways and up the stairs at midnight, led the family to believe that the house must be haunted, until the discovery was made.

Another of Margaret Dicksee's pictures is of "Sheridan at the Linleys'." The artist has painted the two beautiful sisters, Elizabeth Ann and Mary Linley, standing together singing from the same book, near a large window, through the white curtains of which the sunlight streams. Their brother is accompanying them on a highly decorated clavichord, and Sheridan, resting one elbow on the instrument, gazes thoughtfully up at the two lovely girls in white, one of whom he afterward married.

Mozart has, perhaps, been the subject of more paintings than any other composer, and this is not strange, for his short and brilliant career was as picturesque as it was romantic. The little child Wolfgang, or "Woferl," as he was affectionately called, and his sister "Nannerl," were inseparable companions, and both loved music above all else. Portraits of him show us a face of unusual beauty and of a more ideal type than that of many of the composers.

Little Woferl was devoted to the Empress Maria Theresa, his royal patroness, and to the small archduchess, Marie Antoinette, who became his playmate.

A. Borckmann has painted an elaborate scene of "Mozart and His Sister Before Maria Theresa." The two children, richly dressed, are seated at the piano, playing before the empress and her court. Maria Theresa sits near the piano, one hand raised in astonishment at the precocious children. She encouraged them in many ways, and sent them valuable presents, among them the vest and top-coat embroidered in gold, in which Mozart is painted.

Wolfgang had another distinguished friend and well-wisher in Madame de Pompadour, before whom he often played. A painting by V. de Paredes shows us a brilliant drawing-room scene. Madame de Pompadour, gorgeously gowned, extends her hand to the little Mozart, who is kissing it with a frank and natural grace. His father later took him to Italy, and while in Rome the Order of the Golden Spur was given him by Pope Clement XIV. Before he left that city he was allowed to hear Allegri's "Miserere" sung in the Sistine Chapel, which created a deep impression upon him and remained long in his memory.

Carl Herpfer has painted "Mozart at the Organ," where he is again the centre of interest, as he glances from his music up into the lovely face of his sister Nannerl, who stands by the organ singing.

In the Luxembourg is a bronze statue

of "The Child Mozart," by Louis-Ernest Barrias. It represents a charming little boy of about ten or twelve in powdered wig, and court dress, bending over his violin. A facsimile of this statue is in the Museum of the Art Institute, Chicago.

These were days of joy and triumph for young Mozart, the most brilliant of his short career. In the studio of Mr. Felix Moscheles, of London, there is a picture of the baby Mozart leading a visionary choir of angels. Troubles came to him, however. In his second successful tour he lost his mother, and hastening for consolation to his sweetheart, Aloysia Weber, he found that newly acquired wealth had turned her heart from him, and she received him so coldly that the engagement was broken at once. Mozart could not forget the Webers, however, and he afterward married Aloysia's sister, Constance.

One day while he was composing the

"Magic Flute," a tall, mysterious stranger solemnly entered, handed him an unsigned letter sealed in black and vanished. The writer besought Mozart to write a "Requiem," asking him his price, and urging him to begin at once. Mozart was far from rich, his wife ill, and his own health far from good. He agreed to begin the "Requiem" at once, although he never knew from whom the order came. He gave himself entirely up to this new work. He laboured long and late over it, day after day, until it became part of his very life. As the "Requiem" neared its end, so did its composer's young life, for he had grown steadily worse under the fatigue of writing.

Constance's devotion was unceasing. She drove with him in the autumn sunshine; they took daily walks to their favourite seats in the "Augarten," Emperor Joseph II.'s park, and she told him fairy stories which made him forget, for a time, his illness and the "Requiem" which had so depressed him. "I am writing my own death mass," he said to her. His face was already pale, thin, and worn, and his hands wrote feebly, but he still continued writing even after he was confined to his bed.

During these last days, while Mozart lay dying, his great consolation was to hear of the crowded houses his "Magic Flute" was drawing near by, and as evening came on he would follow the performance with his watch, saying, "Now the first act is over." "Now they have come to the 'Great Queen of the Night,'" etc.

On the day before his death Mozart went over the score of the "Requiem" with his favourite friends in the room. Arthur Eugen Simson has described the scene thus: "Those who had just entered were Abbot Stadler; the composer Süssmaier, who was a young friend and pupil of

Mozart's; Schack, the tenor; Hofer, the violinist; Mozart's brother-in-law; and Gerl, the bass. They looked grief-stricken. When they had greeted Mozart, Süssmaier sat down at the piano. Stadler acted as conductor, and gave out the scores. Schack, as was customary, sang the air; Hofer, the tenor; Gerl, the bass, and, incredible as it may seem, Mozart himself took the contralto, — sang, although dying. Constance and the park-watcher composed the audience at that historical rehearsal.

"In all its majestic fulness rose the magnificent song of the angels as Mozart had heard it in his dream, and the 'Prayer for the Eternal Rest of the Dead.'

"When the cymbals announced the coming judgment, the souls of the singers were stirred to the utmost, and out of the depths of their hearts they sang and prayed, '*Et lux perpetua luceat eis.*' Then followed the magnificent '*Dies*

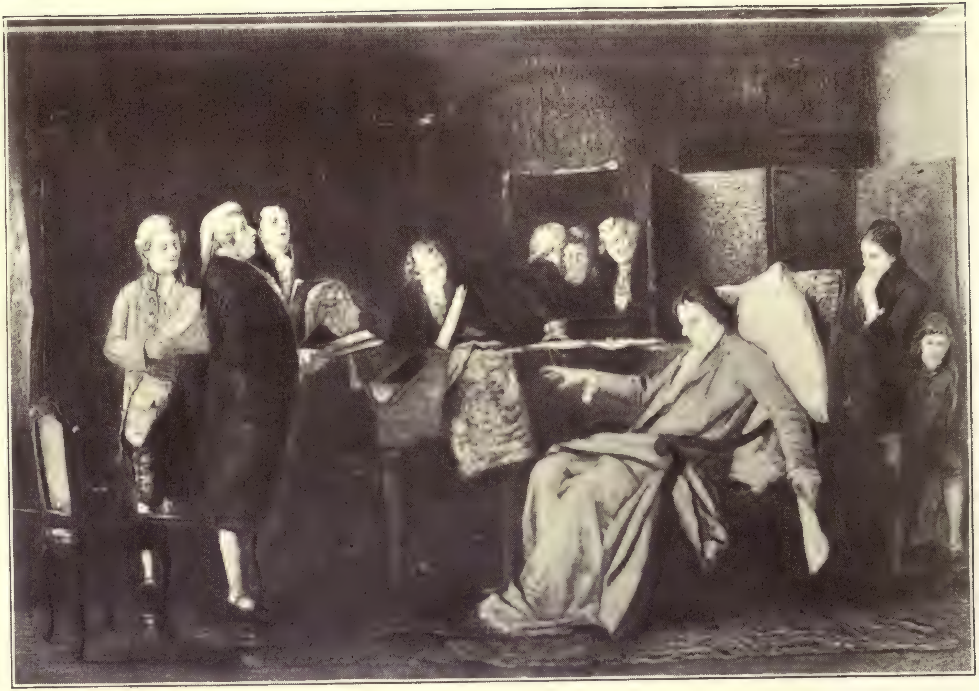
Iræ,' which so majestically describes the destruction of the world and the terror of judgment until the Lord appears as Judge and Mediator, and the clang of cymbals calls all creatures before the throne. At that point the baton fell from the hand of Abbot, who, deeply moved, threw his arms around the dying musician and wept bitterly. From every hand fell the score. The singers were silent, their hands folded in prayer. Mozart himself was so deeply moved by his own work, that, laying down the score, he buried his face in the pillow. The park-watcher sank on his knees, praying."

On the morning of the next day, Sunday, Mozart died, at the age of thirty-five. His burial took place during a driving snow-storm. The "Requiem" was not completed, but his friend, François Xavier Süssmaier, had been instructed to finish it.

The illustration here given is by the

renowned Hungarian painter of historical and Biblical subjects, Mihály Munkacsy. His pictures are usually sombre and deeply impressive. Left an orphan when a mere child, a kindly uncle undertook his education. The boy had many trials, however, for his uncle forbade his becoming an artist, and only after a critical illness did the child gain his guardian's consent to study painting.

Austria and Hungary have bestowed every honour upon Munkacsy. The "Mozart Directing His Requiem" is owned by ex-Governor Alger of Michigan, and is hung in his Detroit residence. It is a large canvas, and was painted in 1886 in Munkacsy's characteristic manner. The artist's gloomy temperament seems to have influenced his choice of subjects, which were almost invariably of a melancholy or tragic nature. He eventually lost his mind, dying a few years ago.



MUNKACSY. — MOZART DIRECTING HIS REQUIEM

There are two other familiar paintings of this sad scene. In Herman Kaulbach's painting, "The Last Days of Mozart," he is propped up in a large chair with pillows, as the Mass is being sung, and Mozart's wife, Constance, is kneeling beside him, tenderly kissing his hand as she weeps.

The painting of this same subject by Thomas Shields, "Mozart Singing His Requiem," is similar to the others, but Mozart looks much stronger, and the scene is not so affecting as Kaulbach has painted it.

Ferdinand Barth's painting, "Paganini in Prison," shows the composer playing his violin in the prison in which he was confined for years, charged with the murder of his wife. He comforted himself with his one friend, — his old violin as the artist shows us.

The painting is an effective one; the

light from a small window, so high as to be partially hidden in the vaulted roof, falls on Paganini's hands and face, and long black hair; he holds his violin as though it were very dear to him, and seems absorbed in its strains.

Beethoven has been a favourite subject with artists, as the many paintings of him prove. Paul Leyendecker, a Frenchman, has painted "Beethoven at Bonn." This master musician loved nature, and the artist has painted him in one of his favourite haunts, sitting under the trees of the wood, just outside Bonn, his native city. Beethoven has tossed his hat and stick on the grass, and is in the midst of a composition, just as a train of mourners, bearing a coffin, moves slowly up the road. The priest who heads the procession has observed Beethoven, and, pausing with outstretched arm, bids the choristers cease chanting, lest they interrupt the master.

Beethoven once wrote to his friend, the Baroness Drosdick, "No one can conceive the intense happiness I feel in getting into the country, among the woods, my dear trees, shrubs, hills and dales. It is as if every tree and every bush could understand my mute inquiries and respond to them."

In the Royal Academy, was exhibited a few years ago, the painting, "Beethoven in His Study," by Carl Schloesser, who has painted Beethoven's room very much as Weber tells us it looked, one day when he called on the old master: "All lay in the wildest disorder — music, money, clothing on the floor. The open pianoforte was covered thickly with dust." Schloesser has represented the instrument, and the floor under it, littered all over with manuscript, and sheets of music. A large violin rests against a chair, deep also in old music, and the light, drifting through a partly closed window, falls on Beethoven as he sits at the piano absorbed in composition. The conception is a striking one, effectively carried out, were it not for the inconsistency a musician would detect in the position of the great master's hands. Beethoven is made to pound out the notes with one hand, while he writes with the other. Moreover, his greatest works, such as his "Mass in D" and his "Choral Symphonies," were only composed after he had become deaf.

Another of Beethoven's countrymen, Albert Gräefle, has painted a "Symphony by Beethoven." In this interesting picture the composer's friends are deeply moved by his playing. Possibly the most impressive of the many pictures of this "giant among players" is the one by Aimé de Lemud, a Frenchman, whose conception of "Beethoven's Dream" received a gold medal at the Salon of 1863. Beethoven has ceased playing, and dropped his head wearily on his folded arms on the piano. Fantastic shapes and visions form an allegorical background.

The very familiar painting of Mendelssohn, "Songs without Words," is the work of Robert Potzelberger, a Hungarian painter. It represents young Felix at the piano, his sister Fanny beside him, leaning her head on his shoulder. She is absorbed in the reflections her brother's music bring her. This picture has a certain charm, and has long been popular.

Frédéric François Chopin, the "poet of the piano," has been represented in art by a number of paintings, two of which are of unusual interest. Hendrick Siemiradski, a distinguished artist of Chopin's own country, Poland, has painted the young pianist at the height of his popularity, playing in the drawing-room of his patron, Prince Anton Radziwill, before a brilliant gathering of grace and beauty. The prince was himself both musician and composer, and Chopin passed much time at his house.

Liszt, in his life of Chopin, tells us that the composer "could easily read the hearts which were attracted to him by friendship and the grace of youth. When his wandering fingers ran over the keys, suddenly touching some moving chords, he could see how the furtive tears coursed down the cheeks of the lovely girl, or the young, neglected wife; how they moistened the eyes of the young man, enamoured of, and eager for, glory. Can we not fancy some young beauty asking him to play a simple prelude, then, softened by the tones, leaning her arms upon the instrument to support her dreaming head, while she suffered the young artist to divine in the dewy glitter of her lustrous eyes the song sung by her youthful heart?" The scene which Siemiradski has chosen to paint is founded, evidently, on these words of Liszt.

One October day, twenty years after the evening represented by this Polish artist, Chopin's grief-stricken friends were gathered about his death-bed. The pathetic scene that took place on that Sunday afternoon has been put on canvas by the French artist, Felix Joseph Barrias. In his beautiful painting, the "Death of Chopin," we can see the faithful Princess Czartoyska at the head of the bed with a Sister of Mercy, Chopin's own sister, Louise, who was sent for from Poland; Gutman, his favourite pupil; M. Cuvard; and the Countess Delphine Potocka, to whom he had dedicated his lovely valse, Op. 64, No. 1, who were all constantly with him. The Abbé Alexander Jelowicki, the Polish priest, kneels near the window.

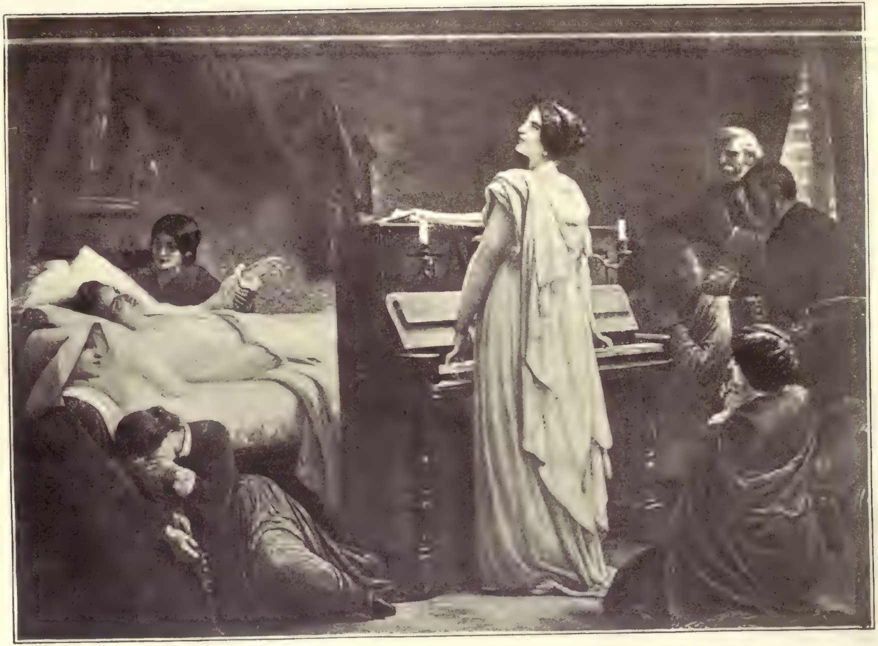
Liszt has best vividly described this

scene. He tells us that on Sunday, October 15th, Chopin's condition became more serious. "The Comtesse Delphine Potocka, who was present, was greatly distressed; her tears were flowing quickly when he noticed her standing at the foot of his bed, tall, slight, clad in white, resembling the beautiful angels evolved from the imagination of the most devout of the painters. Without doubt he believed her to be a celestial apparition, and when a moment of repose occurred in one of his paroxysms, he asked her to sing. At first the bystanders thought he was seized with delirium, but he eagerly repeated his request. Who could have resisted his wish? The piano was brought from the parlour to his chamber door, and his gifted countrywoman sang, though sobs choked her utterance and scalding tears coursed down her cheeks. Her delightful voice had never before attained such an expression of profound pathos. As he listened he seemed to suffer less. She sang that famous song to the Virgin, which we are told once saved the life of Stradella. 'How beautiful it is!' he exclaimed. 'My God, how very beautiful — again, again.' Though the countess was overpowered by emotion, she yet had the noble courage to gratify the last wish of her friend and compatriot; again she sat down to the piano, and sang a hymn by Marcello. Chopin again became worse, and every one was seized with fright; all present fell, by a spontaneous impulse, on their knees; none ventured to speak; the sacred silence was broken only by the voice of the countess, which, like a heaven-born melody, floated above the heavy sighs and mournful sobs which constituted its earthly accompaniment. It was at the mystic hour of twilight; the dying light of day lent its sombre shadows to the sad scene; Chopin's sister, prostrate near his bed, wept and prayed, never quitting her attitude of supplication while life remained with the brother whom she had so fondly cherished."

As is well known it was in Gutman's arms that Chopin died, murmuring, "*Cher ami!*" to him as he pressed his dear pupil's hands to his lips. It is a wonderfully effective picture. "As he lived so he died — loving," says Liszt. When the parlour door was opened, his friends, "unable to suppress their rushing tears, threw themselves around the beloved corpse."

The flowers he loved were brought "in such large quantities that the bed on which they had laid him, and, indeed, the entire room almost disappeared from sight, hidden by the varied and beautiful hues of the floral offerings. He seemed to sleep in a garden of roses."

In compliance with Chopin's request,



BARRIAS. — DEATH OF CHOPIN

Mozart's immortal "Requiem," was performed at the funeral services, and his own "*Marche Funèbre*" was given at the introit.

According to Professor Niecks "he was of a slim frame, middle height, fragile, but with wonderfully flexible limbs, delicately formed hands, very small feet, an oval, softly outlined head, a pale, transparent complexion, long silken hair, of a light chestnut colour, parted on one side, tender brown eyes — intelligent rather than dreamy, a finely curved, aquiline nose, a sweet, subtle smile, gracious and varied gestures."

The artist of the picture here given, Felix Joseph Barrias, a Frenchman, was a pupil of Léon Cogniet. He won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1844 for his painting of "Cincinnatus Receiving the Deputies of the Senate," besides many medals, awards, and other distinctions.

He has also found time for important decorations for the church of "La Trinite," and the opera-house of Paris. His "Exiles of Tiberius" is in the Luxembourg.

"The Death of Chopin" is one of his best works, and one that he chose to be represented by in the Paris Exposition of 1888. It originally appeared in the Salon of 1881.

Hamman's painting showing Meyerbeer surrounded by the heroes and heroines of his most important operas, was a favourite conception of the artist. In a prominent part of the canvas, near Meyerbeer, are Nelusko and Selika from his opera "L'Africaine," which was sung for the first time, after the composer's death. Beyond these characters are seen Robert and Bertram from "Robert le Diable;" near the wicked Bertram is painted John of Leyden, Bertha's lover in "Le Prophete," which was first produced in 1848. Standing in front of Leyden are the three principal characters of "Les Huguenots," — Marcel painfully wounded, and Valentine, before whom Raoul is kneeling. A laurel-wound lyre and wreaths of laurel lie at Meyerbeer's feet.

From Hamman's prolific brush we have two other paintings of the great composers. In "Haydn Crossing the English Channel," which probably represents him on the first of his two remarkably successful trips to England, he is sitting in a prominent part of the boat, calmly watching the approach of a sudden storm, while three women and a child, near him, are in a state of alarm at the lightning and the darkening sky. A biographer relates that Hadyn "reached Calais December 31st. At half-past seven the next morning they embarked for Dover, but the wind being contrary they had a stormy passage, and did not reach the English port until five in the afternoon. Haydn remained on deck the whole time, in spite of the unfavourable weather." It is said that this storm was the chief inspiration of his great oratorio, " The Creation."

The other painting by Hamman, " Weber's Last Thoughts," does not represent this musician composing the waltz by that name, as is popularly supposed, since Reissiger, and not Weber was the author of it. The error possibly arose from the fact that Reissiger had given his manuscripts to Weber as he started for London, and it was found among Weber's things after his death. Hamman's beautiful painting, however, is a pleasing conception of Weber sitting by the piano, surrounded by dream-like visions of his past compositions and operas. Fairy Titania with her harp hovers near him on the left; spirits of the woodland where Oberon lingers, mystical water-nymphs, elves, and other musical fancies move past him in the background, as he sits pleasantly musing. It is a charming idea well carried out.

Perhaps the best of the Schubert paintings is Gustav Klimt's "Schubert at the Piano," where several girlish figures are standing about the piano, singing. It is an evening scene, the artificial light throwing a strange glow upon their faces.

Another painting, "Schubert and his Friends," is an interesting scene, but not historically accurate, as Schubert and Beethoven never passed an evening together in this way. Schubert of course is playing on the piano, Bauernfield stands back of him, and Kupelwieser on his left. Beethoven leans over the piano intent on Schubert's playing. Sitting beyond Beethoven is Betty Fröhlich, and standing prominently in the front of the picture is her lovely sister, Josephine Fröhlich, all in white, with daintily slippered feet. She holds a sheet of music in her hand. Five men complete the circle of listeners.

From the hand of Van Dyck, we have a painting of "The Organist Liberti," in the Munich Gallery; and in the Louvre is an interesting portrait of Cherubini, by Ingres.

Cherubini was one of the greatest musicians of the Italian school, and exercised great influence over the music of France, for nearly fifty years.

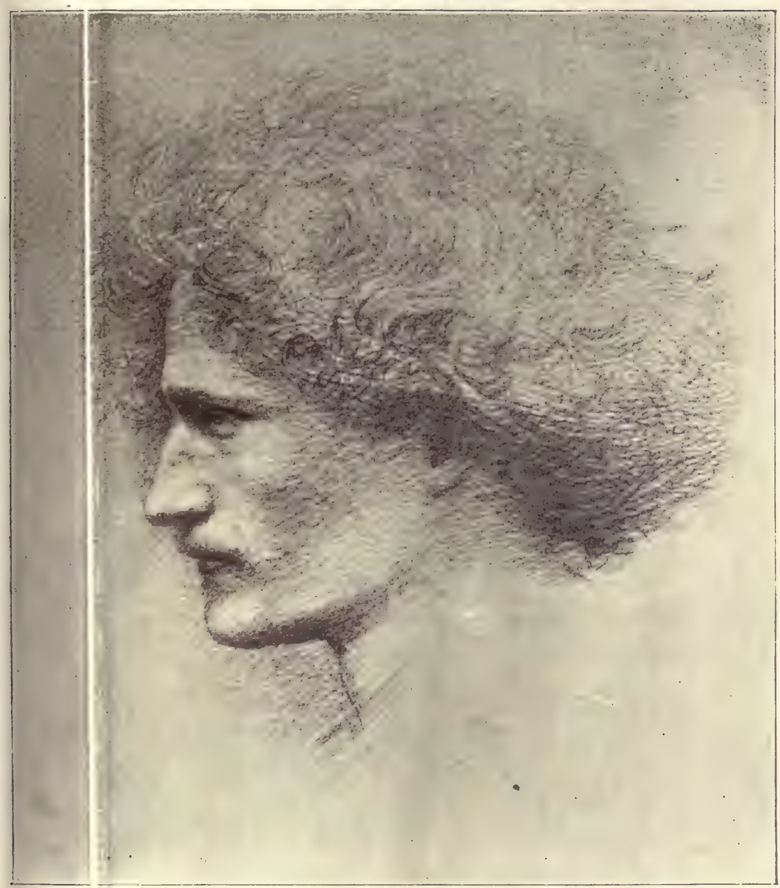
Ingres has represented the musician seated in a Pompeian room, facing us, with his elbow resting on the base of a fluted pillar. Euterpe stands at his right, holding a lyre in one hand, — the other, her right, raised above the musician's head, as though in benediction. Cherubini's coat bears the rosette of the Legion of Honour.

The several well-known paintings of Wagner and Liszt may be considered together, since these two great men were close friends, and are often painted together, as in W. Beckmann's "Wagner at Home," and "Wagner at Bayreuth," by Papperitz. Both these paintings are evening scenes at Wagner's Bayreuth home, "Wahnfried," where his friends have gathered about him to listen to the master; and in both the two principal figures stand out prominently from among the others, and absorb our interest.

In Beckmann's painting, the four figures, Liszt, Wagner, Frau Wagner, and Gutman, are engaged in conversation, Liszt sitting in the window near Gutman, while Wagner stands addressing them.

In Papperitz's painting, "Wagner at Bayreuth," a naturalness pervades the whole scene; the grouping is effective, and the figures gracefully drawn, especially those of the women. Charming indeed are the two countesses in white, near Liszt's piano. In "Liszt the Abbé," the artist has pictured him for us at the piano in his sombre ecclesiastical garb, his delicate white face and his whiter hair hanging thick and long, just as he brushed it in his youth, when this "Hungarian Wonder-Child," as he was sometimes called, was unconsciously drinking in the Magyar spirit of the gipsy folk-songs which thrilled him, and which was destined to appear later in his famous "Hungarian Rhapsodies." Wagner's striking figure is seen just beyond the window, where he stands absorbed in Liszt's playing. Near Wagner stands his son, Siegfried, and in front of him Materna, in white, Scaria, and Frau Cosima Wagner, his wife, who was Liszt's daughter.

Joseph Kriehuber's admirable drawing of Liszt playing Beethoven's "C Sharp



BURNE-JONES. — HEAD OF PADEREWSKI

Minor Sonata," to his friends, was regarded by the composer as one of his best portraits. Kriehuber has drawn himself in the sketch, seated at Liszt's left, holding his sketch-book and pencil. Ernst, the celebrated violinist, sits at Liszt's right, holding his violin; and on the other side of the piano stands Berlioz with Czerny, the composer, who was Liszt's teacher.

Burne-Jones has given us an ideal sketch of Paderewski. This profile head of the brilliant pianist, with its fine contour, and its steady gaze, is full of the delicacy, strength, and spiritual charm so typical of Burne-Jones's more imaginative work.

It is remarkable not only as a work of art, but as a likeness, and should be ranked with the best heads of Leonardo da Vinci.

Watts's fine portrait of the violinist, Joseph Joachim, and the "Sarasate," by the late James M'Neill Whistler, prove the skill of these two artists in portrait work.

Watts's portraits are not portraits merely. In each face of the many notable ones from his brush, something of the intellectual or spiritual life of his subject is revealed to us. In no instance is this more remarkable than in this portrait of Joachim.

As the great violinist stands before us, absorbed in the music he is producing, the light falls on his brow, his hands, and the violin-bow as he draws it across the almost imperceptible instrument.

In Whistler's "Sarasate," the hands, as he holds his violin, are beautifully drawn, and the face is full of inspiration.

CHAPTER IV.

POETS AND HEROES

"And the harmonious mind
Poured itself forth in all-prophetic song
And Music lifted up the listening spirit
Until it waked, exempt from mortal care,
Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound."
— SHELLEY.

ART has vividly portrayed for us—

"That blind old bard, who on the Chian strand,
By these deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

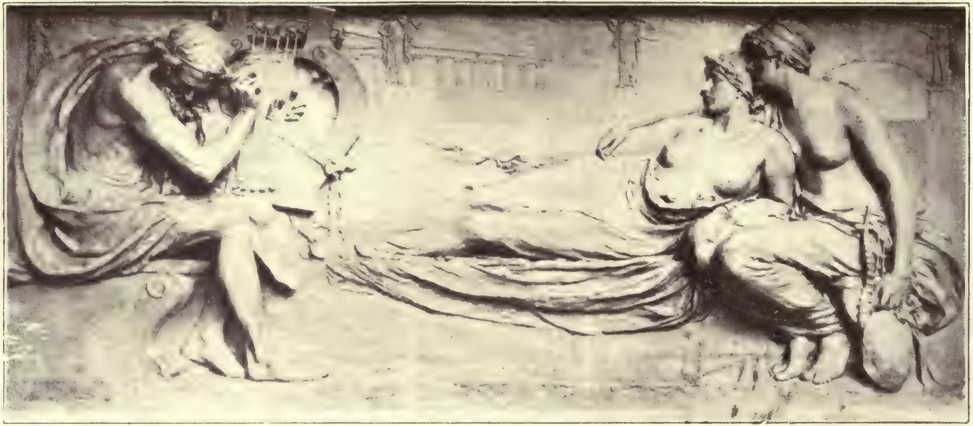
We can imagine Homer in his vigorous youth, singing the glory of the Greek heroes, in some princely house of Athens, or later, as in the bas-relief by Harry

Bates which is reproduced, " A blind old man and poor," singing with bowed head to an audience of two rapt listeners in the days —

> "When music, heavenly maid, was young,
> While first in early Greece she sung,"

and when Homer was affectionately called by his countrymen, " The Poet."

Describing this modern conception of Homer, by Mr. Bates, which was first exhibited in the Royal Academy, London, as a companion piece to his Socrates, Walter Armstrong says: " The figure of the bard is full of grandeur that is more or less absent in the philosopher. The two women are finely grouped and nobly modelled, the background is expressive, poetic, and rightly complementary, and a touch of peculiar felicity has been introduced by bringing the two women's heads together and making one echo the other.



BATES. — A LAY OF HOMER

The forms are so combined as to produce a chord, at once rich and perfectly harmonious. . . .

"See how the old man fills the space in which he sits, how power is suggested by his bared right shoulder and the fine sweep of his discarded drapery, how his absorption is expressed by his drooping head, and how finely the Greece, and after Greece the whole Western world, which has listened to those notes ever since they rang through the strings of the Greek lyre, is hinted at by the figures of the gods, by the peristyle of the Parthenon, by the grandly abundant forms of the two women, symbols of a long future, behind whose rapt heads a day is dawning which is to have no night."

Some of the detail and beauty of the original is lost in the reproduction, but a good idea of the whole may be gained.

The sculptor, Harry Bates, began as a

lad by carving stone into simple forms, showing much creative talent. His short career was a brilliant one from the time he first entered the Royal Academy as a student. With his relief of Socrates he won the gold medal which gave him a year's study in Paris under Rodin, who, on perceiving his pupil's genius and ambition, refused all remuneration.

The intensely æsthetic nature of Mr. Bates's work, his originality, his sensitiveness to this beauty of line and light so noticeable in his bas-reliefs of Socrates, Homer, and Psyche, won for him a high place among English sculptors.

The bards or minstrels, to whose memory alone the Iliad and Odyssey were entrusted for centuries, sang or chanted these heroic songs at assemblies and festal banquets, to the music of the harp; or laurel-crowned, these "rhapsodists," "singers of stitched-verse," as Pindar explains the word, recited the epic lines to a group of friends, as in Alma-Tadema's "A Reading from Homer."

The little group of patricians in this instance have sought a shady recess in one of Athens's great temples, overlooking the deep blue harbour. Two of the group are lovers who with clasped hands and intent faces listen, as their white-robed elocutionist thrills them with the deeds of Achilles.

In Raphael's "Parnassus," Homer is a conspicuous figure, standing near Virgil and Dante with uplifted hand and face, enraptured by the strains from Apollo's violin.

In the New Museum, at Berlin, is Kaulbach's painting representing Homer in a boat approaching the shore of Greece, where are gathered in his honour Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Hesiod, Pericles, and a number of others. Apollo and the gods of Olympus float in the clouds above.

Baron Gerard, the French painter, has painted the blind poet with one hand lifted to heaven as he stands on the shore of Chios with his young guide.

On a ceiling of the Louvre is Ingres's painting representing Homer receiving the homage of the great ones of the earth. The Iliad and Odyssey lie at his feet, and Pindar, Phidias, Herodotus, Alexander the Great, Sappho, Horace, Virgil, Dante, Raphael, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Mozart, and many others are gathered around in his honour.

Lecomte du Nouy has represented Homer in the central panel of a triptych. He is resting for the night just outside the city with his young guide. The boy has fallen asleep, but Homer wakes, and with one hand holding his lyre, and his blind eyes raised heavenward, he seeks inspiration for his immortal epic.

Delacroix, in the cupola of the library

of the Luxembourg, and Bouguereau, in his painting in the Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, have both painted striking conceptions of the bard in his old age.

In Greece, "Where burning Sappho loved and sung," she was called in admiration "The Poetess," as Homer had been called "The Poet." She shared the leadership of the Æolic School of Poetry and Song with her distinguished rival and lover, Alcæus, who honours her in his verse, as "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho." That her influence was felt in Greece is evident from the fact that Solon, her contemporary, Plutarch, Strabo, and others all bear witness to her loveliness and to the enchanting grace of her verse.

Little is known of her life; she wrote hymns and odes of exquisite beauty, and reached the zenith of her fame about 600 B. C. Of the fragments of her verse which remain, her "Hymn to Venus," and the verses beginning:

> "Blest as the immortal gods is he
> The youth who fondly sits by thee,
> And hears and sees thee all the while
> Softly speak and sweetly smile,"——

are the best known.

"Among the mutilated poets of antiquity," says Addison, "there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. . . . One may see by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry. She felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors 'The Tenth Muse.'"

She was the brilliant centre and inspiration for a circle of young women, who sought to model their lyric verse on hers.

At the Berlin art exhibition, Alma-Tadema's painting of Sappho, finished in 1881, brought forth the greatest praise.

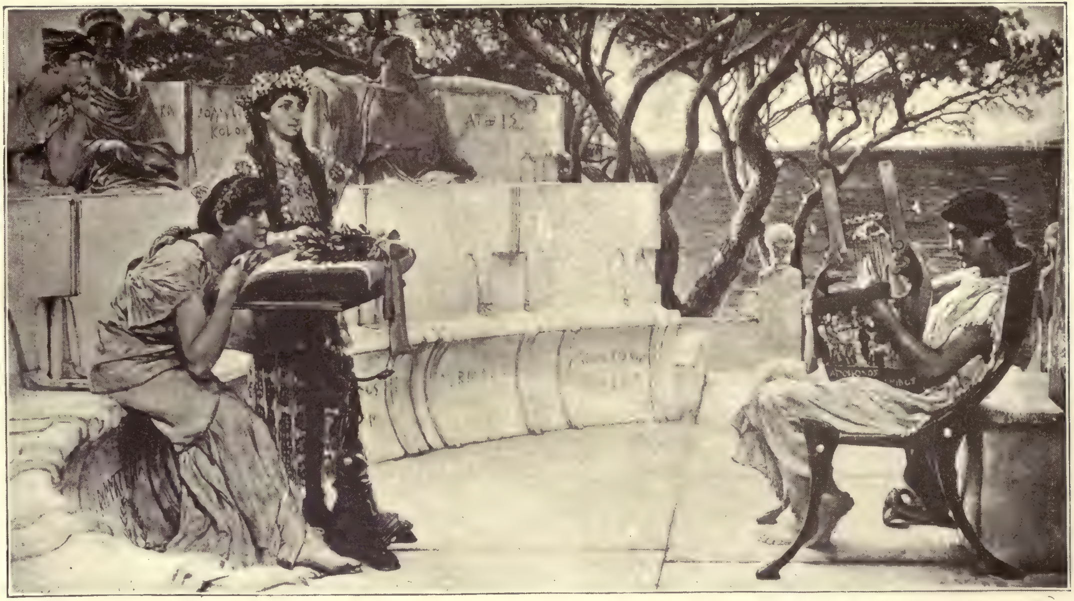
The following lines from the Elegy of the "Hermesian" furnished the text for this painting:

"Surely thou knowest how, in the Lesbian land,
Alcæus oft the festal dances led;
Kindled by Sappho's charms, fierce glowed love's
brand,
As, lauding her in song, the lute he played."

In this masterpiece of Alma-Tadema's, doubtless the finest of all his paintings, Alcæus sits opposite his lovely rival, "lauding her in song" to the accompaniment of his lute. Sappho meets his ardent gaze with hers as she leans her head on her clasped hands, listening to his notes in rapt admiration, although tradition says he courted her in vain. On the stand before her lies the ribbon-bound laurel wreath, with which Greece crowned her poets.

This painting of the "Female Homer," as she was called, is striking and dignified. The colouring is beautiful throughout; Sappho's robe of green and gray and the pale rose in which Alcæus is clothed contrast delightfully with the white marble of the Exedra in the full glow of daylight, and with the rich blue of the Ægean seen through the dark olive-trees. Violets crown the black hair of the poetess in Tadema's painting as her lover described her in verse. Sappho's little daughter Cleïs, to whom she refers in one of her poems, stands beside her; while three of her pupils are charmingly posed on the marble steps behind.

This painting was first exhibited in 1881 in the Royal Academy, and at present is a part of the fine collection left by William T. Walters, of Baltimore.



ALMA - TADEMA. — SAPPHO

The epitaph of Pinytus —

"Earth covers naught save Sappho's dust and
name;
But her wise song enjoys immortal fame" —

applies to the Sappho of Alma-Tadema's brush rather than to Wilhelm Amberg's conception of the poetess.

Amberg has painted the Sappho of tradition who threw herself from the Leucandian rocks into the sea, because of her unrequited love for the beautiful youth, Phaon, to whom she had given her whole heart. Modern critics, however, reject this myth. In Amberg's painting Sappho is pausing on the rocks above the sea just before her leap; her dark hair hangs over her shoulders and a light breeze plays with the soft white gauze of her drapery; her lyre and laurel wreath lie at her feet where she has cast them; she is altogether womanly and charming as she gravely contemplates her fatal step. Wilhelm Amberg is a German artist of note, a member of the Academy of Berlin.

What more delightful instance of the power of music does history afford, than the superb figure of young Sophocles leading the chorus of victory after the battle of Salamis — a second Thermopylæ — this time successful. At the age of sixteen, he had won the prize of a garland for skill in music.

A patrician by birth, his education was that of the most distinguished youths of Athens. Aside from his musical attainments, his vigorous physique and symmetry of form, gained in athletic contests, marked him out as the ideal of Greek youth and beauty. The Athenians sang to his lyre in honour of their victory, and chose him to lead their song.

"As the solemn hymn of victory was

chanted around the trophy," says Plumptre, "he appeared unclothed, like a young Apollo, to be seen in all his grace and strength, as his voice led the chorus in their song, while he guided them through the measured movements of the dance. On that day, for the first time in his life, he must have been the observed of all observers, and must have tasted somewhat of the joy of praise and sympathy from a great multitude. It was proof that he possessed gifts that would secure their praise. It was proof, it may be added, that he had gained the respect of his countrymen, as one in whom the image of purity and modesty had not yet been defaced."

In the Art Institute of Chicago is a reproduction of the fine statue of Sophocles by the American sculptor, John Donoghue. The pose was one that delighted him; he had thought of it for years before executing it, the idea originally coming to him on reading the passage above quoted from Plumptre. Donoghue modelled the figure in Rome in the early '80's, chiefly from an Italian model.

The idea is beautifully carried out, expressive and full of life. In writing of it, Charles De Kay says: "The half-opened mouth, raised look, and suspended right hand, which has just left the strings of the lyre; the swing forward of the whole frame; the lifted heel as he strides tell at a glance that the soul of Sophocles has soared within him. Note the lyre formed according to the beautiful myth from the shell of the tortoise, slowest but surest of animals; and the horns of the goat, symbol at once of power and quickness, and of the sylvan gods who dared to challenge Apollo in music.

"The muscular fabric is beautifully a mean between the athlete and the boy.

Those arms and legs are the product of calisthenics, of what we now call the gymnasium. That spare trunk belongs to youth which has not taken on the rounded muscles of manhood.

"Antique sandals keep the feet of the darling of the Athenian mob from being bruised, but otherwise nothing hides the perfection of that form which the Greeks worshipped to the verge of folly. The right leg leans against the trophy which the Greeks seized from the Persians."

It was in Chicago that Donoghue received his first art impulse, and left business life. After two years in the local Academy of Design, where he won a prize for the figure of a Vestal Virgin, he left Chicago for the École des Beaux Arts, for further technical training. His career from that time, until his death this summer, was one of almost continued success.

Martial music has had a definite influence upon art. Great choral war-songs which have turned the tide of battle, songs of conquest and victory, have furnished many themes for the painter's brush. From "the cry of Achilles on the Greek wall," or the chorus of victory after the battle of Salamis, to the "Church Hymn" sung at the battle of Luthen, in which "five and twenty thousand victor voices joined," and the "Marseillaise" of the French Revolution, which thrilled vast throngs into a wild passion of patriotism, all have been rich in inspiration for the painter and sculptor.

In the gallery of the Luxembourg is the painting of Rouget de l'Isle singing the "Marseillaise" for the first time.

De l'Isle was an artillery officer of Strasburg, and was loved by the garrison for his verses and songs. Dietrich, the mayor of the town, felt a warm friendship for the young officer-poet, which was shared by his wife and daughters, who sympathized with him in his enthusiasm for the revolution.

Here, in Dietrich's family circle, where Rouget was a frequent visitor, came to him the inspiration for his famous song. One evening during a time of famine in Strasburg, Dietrich looked sadly at the youthful De l'Isle, saying: " Abundance is wanting at our banquet, but what matters that when neither enthusiasm is wanting at our civic feasts nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers; I still have a bottle of wine left in my cellar; let it be brought up and let us drink to liberty and to our country. May these last drops inspire De l'Isle with one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the intoxication from which they proceed."

It was nearly midnight when the friends parted. According to Lamertine, De l'Isle sought his lonely room for inspiration, "now in his patriotic soul, now in his harpsichord; sometimes composing the air before the words, sometimes the words before the air, so combining them in his thoughts that he himself did not know whether the notes or the verses came first, and that it was impossible to separate the poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the expression. He sang all and set down nothing. Overpowered with the sublime inspiration, De l'Isle went to sleep on the harpsichord and did not wake until day." Early next morning De l'Isle set down the words and air and hurried with them to Dietrich, who left his work in the garden, awakened his wife and daughter, invited in some friends, and De l'Isle began his song. This is the moment chosen by the artist in his painting of the subject. The old patriot's eldest daughter plays the accompaniment for Rouget, who, lost in inspiration, sings the verses for the first time.

"At the first stanza all faces turned pale; at the second, tears ran down every cheek; and at the last all the madness of enthusiasm broke forth. The hymn of the country was found. It was also destined to be the hymn of terror. A few months afterward the unfortunate Dietrich went to the scaffold to the sound of the very notes which had their origin on his own hearth, in the heart of his friend and in the voices of his children."

The new song was played at once by the Garde Nationale Band; it flew from one city to another until all France heard it; crowds sang it in the street; martyrs in the prisons or at the guillotine were given courage by its words and music. Even Dietrich himself died on the scaffold to its notes a short time afterward.

Carlyle says: "The sound of it did

tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblies did sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil." Old and young from every home rushed to swell the ranks of the troops singing:

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!"

This "chant de guerre pour l'armée du Rhin," as it was originally called, was sung by the "Marseillaises" as they entered Paris, by the Faubourg St. Antoine, on the 30th of July, 1792, and made their way to the Champs Élysées, where they were banqueted. They so spread the fame of the song through France that it thus became known as "La Marseillaise."

The artist of this picture, Isidore Alexandre Pils, one of the greatest painters of France, won fame also by his paintings of the war in the Crimea, and his

"Battle of the Alma," in the gallery at Versailles.

His "Rouget de l'Isle" is the property of France and was painted in 1849.

François Rude, of Dijon, an eminent French sculptor of the eighteenth century, has placed on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, at Paris, a spirited conception of the "Marseillaise." The group is in high relief, and combines great boldness and energy, with correct classical style.

His statue of "Joan of Arc" is in the Luxembourg, and there is a fine "Mercury" of his in the Louvre.

Another modern artist, G. Guffins, has given us a painting of this subject, as has also John A. Lomax, of the Society of Oil Painters of London, who represents De l'Isle surrounded by a group of revolutionary spirits, all singing the stirring lines of the hymn.

The Marseillaise was afterward adopted

as the national anthem of France. Gustave Doré has painted a striking and original conception of it. He gives us the figure of a young woman, carrying a standard in one hand and a raised sword in the other, leading a host to victory.

The Scriptures are filled with instances of music, in large part contributed by the Hebrew women. The song of triumph of the Israelites to the music of timbrels or tambourines was led by Miriam, who

> "Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet
> harmony."

Wilhelm Hensel, whose painting of the subject is in the royal gallery at Osborne, is one of many artists who have painted Miriam.

Andrea del Sarto has painted Salome as she dances before Herod. Mrs. Clement describes her in this painting as "an incarnate figure of music, grave and graceful, light and glad, the song of a bird made flesh, with perfect poise of her sweet, slight body, from the maiden face to the melodious feet." In Caveliere Giovanni Fettori's painting of "The Reproval of Herod," Salome is seated on a rich rug at Herod's feet. She leans her harp against her right shoulder as she pauses, turning to look up at her mother. In Sir Frederick Leighton's "Salome, the Daughter of Herodias," she is in white, her arms above her head, which is crowned with flowers. Accompanying her is a girl musician.

Gustave Doré's engraving of "Deborah" represents her sitting on the temple steps, one hand impressively raised above her head as she sings the song mentioned in the fifth chapter of Judges. Jephthah's daughter, coming to meet her father "with dance and song," has also been illustrated by Doré. Artists have made familiar to us —

> "Nero quitting his imperial throne,
> And courting glory from the tinkling strings" —

while Rome burned. Empress Josephine we are told, soothed Napoleon's fits of temper by playing a certain simple and beautiful air to him. Possibly its influence over the emperor was owing to some association of his earlier days.

Paintings of Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, who were patrons and lovers of music, are familiar to us all, and we read that the latter sang in opera at one time. La Tour's painting of Madame de Pompadour, in the Versailles Museum, shows her holding a sheet of music. She was the friend of Mozart, and it is said she composed pleasing songs.

There is a beautiful painting in the Royal Academy, by Leslie, of Queen Katharine of Aragon. "The Good Queen" is described by Shakespeare as sitting in her apartment in the palace of Bridewell with "some of her women" who are at work. The queen calls for music to soothe her soul.

"Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with
troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst."

This scene, the subject of the painting by Leslie, is entitled "Queen Katharine of Aragon and her Maid."

It is a large canvas, and in describing it Hartmann says: "The composition is very simple; the figures and their adjuncts are arranged with skill and harmony of lines. The critic will note with pleasure the pains with which the painter has introduced the small embroidery-frame on the table, which balances the leaning form of Katharine, while the figure of the lute-player, standing, fills up the second space, —a little object, a triviality, yet of the utmost importance in the construction, no less than in the arrangement of light and shade. The beauty of Katharine, tinged as it is with deep, heartfelt sadness, is dignified and noble and shows her royal origin."

The unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was not only fond of music and generously paid a band to play daily to her, but history tells us she "sometimes would play on the lute and virginals reasonably well, for a queen." David Neal's familiar painting of Mary Stuart and Rizzio shows us the queen pausing on the stairs with one hand raised as she beholds Rizzio for the first time. He has dropped asleep on a seat at the landing of the stairs, holding in one hand a lute, with which he later charmed the ears of the queen and won her heart. Mary's attendants seem more interested in themselves than in their sovereign as they linger on the stairs whispering. This painting is the best known of David Neal's works and received the gold medal of the

Bavarian Royal Academy. It was purchased by D. O. Mills, formerly of San Francisco.

Frederick the Great, when crown prince, developed a passion for flute music; but his royal sire, who was vexed by his playing, flung his son's music into the fireplace and destroyed his flute. Archdeacon Cox tells us it was Frederick's habit, therefore, "to pass whole nights by stealth in pursuit of his favourite recreation, holding concerts in forests and caverns during his hunting excursions with musicians privately supplied by his mother." Another account by the Earl of Malmsbury adds: "So afraid is he of playing false, that when he is to try some new piece of music, he shuts himself up some hours beforehand in a closet to practise it, and even then, when he begins it with the accompaniments, he always trembles."

Voltaire, whose friendship with Frederick was of short duration, declared that he "played the flute like Telemachus," and history records his Majesty's having once hastily left the battle-field for his palace, in order to hear some music.

Gérôme, the great French historical painter, has given us "Frederick the Great in His Study," at Sans Souci. He has evidently rushed in to try some new piece of music, and has seized his flute without stopping even to remove his hunting boots. His cocked hat and cane lie on the floor, where he has dashed them in his haste, near several royal hounds, sleeping complacently through their master's music. His gloves, too, lie at his feet along with a litter of music and other things. Frederick bends over his score, oblivious to the sarcastic smile on the bust of Voltaire above, or even to the world itself as typified in the globe standing in a niche opposite.

Gérôme was a scholar as well as an artist, and received every honour possible to a painter.

CHAPTER V.

YOUTH AND LOVE

> "If music be the food of Love, play on;
> Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken and so die.
> That strain again! It had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets;
> Stealing and giving odour!"
>
> — *Twelfth Night.*

ART, having to do primarily with the beautiful, has given the music of Love a place of prominence. Love-music, by its very nature, is the essence of romance. It is probable that no age seems romantic to itself, certainly our own does not, and this very feeling for romance among our artists causes them to represent romantic subjects in other times than our own. Alma-Tadema paints the love-music of ancient Greece and Rome; Gustav Wagrez takes his lovers to Florence and their serenades float up to us from shadowy gondolas.

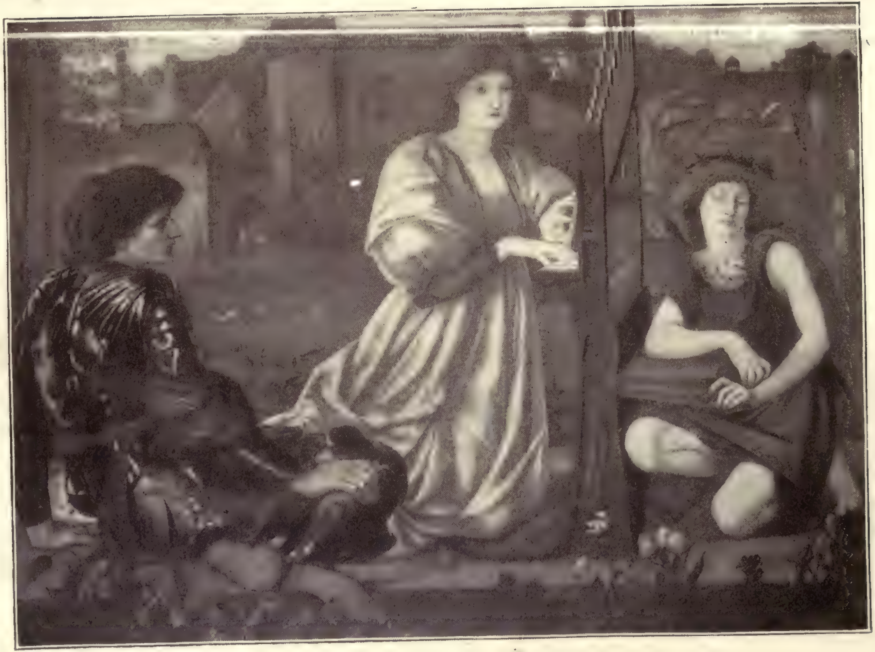
The serenade has figured often in art. The romance of the night, the starlight and moonlight effects, lovers in picturesque costumes and fair ladies in balconies, are subjects as tempting to the painter as to the dramatist. In most cases the artist has treated the serenade seriously; he has drawn our attention to the sentiment and beauty of the idea. It remains for a modern artist, Vibert, to give us a bit of sarcasm on the subject. His lover, a handsome youth in embroidered cloak, velvet doublet, and laced hat, stands in the foreground playing on a guitar; his face is uplifted to an iron-railed balcony where we catch a glimpse of the satin skirt of his lady-love. He is evidently in a trance of delight, oblivious to everything except himself and her. Directly in front of him, concealed from the lady by the overhanging balcony, is his old servant seated in the niche of a disused drinking-fountain, with his feet among broken flower-pots. He holds clasped in his hands the case of his master's guitar. A more disgusted face it is impossible to imagine. He is evidently cold and hungry and engaged on a foolish enterprise much beneath his dignity.

There is one striking difference between the pictured love-songs of the Eastern and Western worlds, which holds good for most of the prominent works produced in either before the nineteenth century. In all countries where woman is held in low esteem; in Turkey, where she spends her life in the harem; in China, where she is a slave; in India, and even in ancient Greece, it is the maiden who sings the love-song, it is she who strives to please and entertain her lover.

With the introduction of chivalry into Europe, it became her rôle simply to be beautiful, to be adored. Man took up the making of music as one of his new duties, and the spirit of the troubadour pervaded the whole of civilized Europe. To fight for his lady's favour, and to sing songs in her honour, seemed to have been his chief occupation. This spirit lasted in a modified form until the end of the eighteenth century, and has given us our most beautiful love-songs.

Artists of the last quarter-century show a tendency to revert to a decidedly pastoral style. In music, it is shown in the renewed interest in the ballad form in songs; in literature, by the modern romantic novel; and in painting, by a return to mediæval costuming, simplicity of treatment, and strong feeling for the decorative.

Perhaps as beautiful an example of the modern pastoral in art as can be found is Sir Edward Burne-Jones's "Le Chant d'Amour." Of this M. de la Sizeranne writes: "Although it contains only three figures, the 'Chant d'Amour' is perhaps Burne-Jones's masterpiece from the point of view of composition. We see, almost in full face, a girl kneeling on a cushion in the centre of a flowery lawn. She is playing on one of those little organs which are played by angels in the pictures of the Primitives, amidst clouds and trumpets, wings and halos; nearer to us, with his back presented to the spectator, but with his head turned in profile, to the centre of the composition, a knight in armour, seated on the ground with his legs drawn under him, is listening. On the other side, a young shepherd, who is Love, half-nude, crowned with leaves, his eyelids cast down, kneeling on one knee, is gently



BURNE-JONES. — "LE CHANT D'AMOUR"

blowing the bellows of the organ. In the foreground are flowers; in the background a group of houses or a castle court, and the frame which cuts off the sky; thought is not lost in the heavenly blue; heaven is here in the girl's eyes. No story, nothing to be guessed, but everything to be felt. The story here is the life of two hearts and a little air stirred by the waves of sound. The interest, according to Ruskin's precept, lies in the life of these beings, and not in what is going to happen to them. There is no movement —except in the gesture of Love the blower, a gentle motion, continuous and easy as in a dream. It is the form of the human body that is of interest here, not its contortion. The drawing of the knight and of the lady is wonderfully pure. The attitudes of the three figures, which are sufficiently different to complete each other, and sufficiently similar to be in unison, tend to that classical and Latin synthesis which may be despised in theory, but to which all fine works are found to revert when they are examined. The pyramid is replaced on its base. From whatever side it is regarded, the lines attract the eye to the centre, and raise it to the face of the immortal musician, to her parted lips, to the inaudible melody which fills the air, like the invisible bell in Millet's 'Angelus,' to the harmony which is felt in all the forms and details of this vision, to the Song of Love."

Sir Edward Burne-Jones was perhaps the flower of the Preraphaelite brotherhood, the leader to whom all the later followers of that school turned. His pictures have always the charm of an apparent spontaneity, and impress one as the out-breathing of sweet thoughts on canvas. This effect is one proof that nothing good in art is even accidental; that genius means eternal patience.

In the famous painting of "Paris and Helen," in the Louvre, painted by Jacques Louis David, and here reproduced, we have retold to us the story of the love of the Trojan prince for the fair Helen, for whom, as Homer tells us, the Greeks waged war on Troy.

This classical subject, in the hands of David, has been rendered with great charm. The modelling of the two figures is as vividly portrayed as though done in marble by Canova or Thorwaldsen.

The flesh tones, however, are cold and less lifelike, but typical of this artist's work.

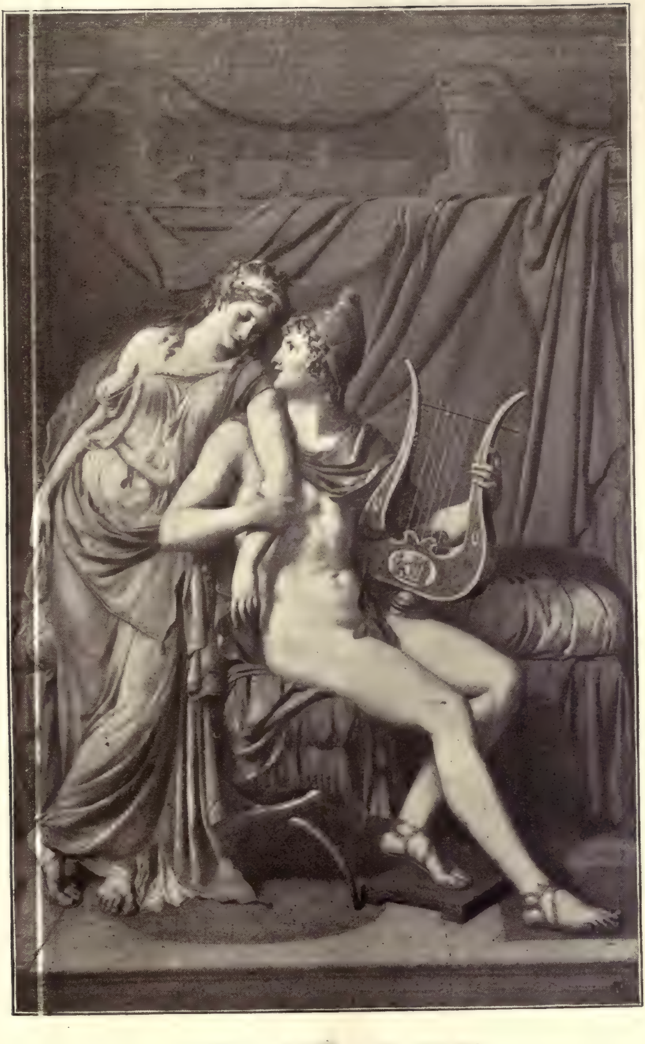
The lovers are represented in a hall of the palace, where Paris sits near a bed in front of a Roman wall, over which a rich drapery is thrown. Above the wall is shown part of an entablature, supported by caryatides.

Paris, still holding the lyre he has been playing, turns his face to Helen, affectionately grasping her arm as he speaks a word of love in her ear. With a downcast glance on her lovely face, Helen leans fondly over his shoulder. She wears a drapery of white gauze under a crimson outer robe. A narrow band of white ribbon confines her hair. Paris wears a Phrygian cap.

The painting was first exhibited in the salon of 1789, and was painted for the Comte d'Artois, who became Charles X. A replica of this painting was made by David, the year of its exhibition, for the Princess Lubomirska.

Through David, French art was restored to its true dignity. He lived in Paris, and for twenty-five years his influence was supreme.

In the eighth panel of Andrea Mantegna's great painting "The Triumphal



DAVID.—PARIS AND HELEN

March of Julius Cæsar After the Conquest of Gaul," painted for the Duke of Mantua, and now a priceless possession in Hampton Court, England, is a cartoon of "Musicians." Of this splendid work, evidently a labour of love, done in Mantegna's noblest years, scarcely a figure in the nine large canvases has escaped almost complete obliteration by the hand of the restorer. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are able to mention only a few small portions, left uninjured: "Here part of a buskin, there a sleeve, a scabbard, a breastplate, a chariot-wheel."

This panel of "Musicians," next to the last of the series, lies between the canvas of prisoners, or Senators, as they are sometimes called, and the final scene in which the procession culminates in the imperial figure of Cæsar.

The humiliation of the captives is made less endurable by the satirical songs, noisy gibes, and jingling bells of the musicians. Maud Cruttwell vividly describes this panel of "musicians appointed to insult the vanquished, half-dancing to their lyres, — a negro with a trumpet, a boy with a tambourine, and behind them great branches of withered leaves and fruits, to which birds are tied, — the fruits and birds of the captured country. And now the climax approaches, — the chariot of 'Cæsar' himself, heralded by all the emblems and insignia of Rome, — banners and busts, the suckling wolf, and lastly the imperial eagle borne by a richly armed soldier, who turns to do obeisance to the conqueror, Julius, who, clad in gold robes, is seated quietly and proudly in his gorgeous chariot. In the back-ground rises a triumphal arch surmounted by statues.

" In and out between the chariot-wheels and the horse's hoofs play little naked children bearing olive boughs, and behind Cæsar, a youth, masqued as Victory, with white wings, holds the bay crown over his head, while another swings before him his device, Veni, Vidi, Vici — and so the procession ends."

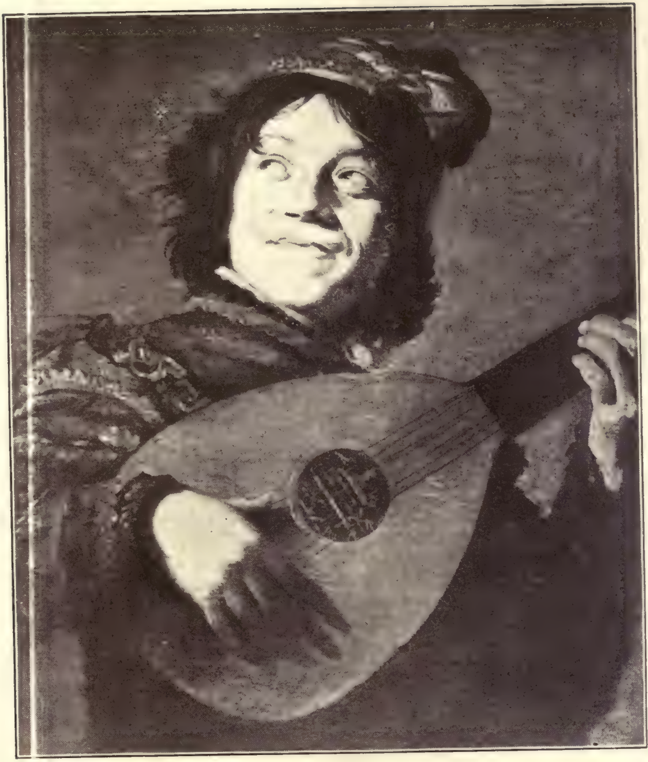
The painting is inexpressibly rich in detail, accurately reflecting the costume, armour, time, etc., of ancient Rome. It is the most important work we have from the brush of Mantegna, who was one of the greatest painters of the Venetian school.

In the Louvre is the "Fête Champêtre," or, as often called, "The Concert," attributed by Morelli and others to Giorgione, although Crowe and Cavalcaselle are inclined to credit it to some Venetian imitator instead. The charm of this pastoral symphony is largely in the glow of rich colour which pervades the whole canvas.

Sitting on the grass in the centre of a meadow landscape are two young men, in costumes of the fifteenth century, one playing a lute to the other who bends toward him, listening. Opposite them, a nymph, sitting with her back to the spectator, plays on a flute, while her companion, on the left, leans gracefully against a well or fountain from which she is about to drink. Both figures are almost nude. In the distance, near a waterfall, a shepherd is seen leading his flock.

The scene is delightfully rustic, the colours warm and mellow. This painting was purchased by Charles I., of England, and at one time formed part of the collection of the Dukes of Mantua, and later was owned by Louis XIV.

For four hundred and fifty years Frans Hals's " Jester" has held its place in popular affection. At first it was only known



HALS. — THE JESTER

in the gallery of The Hague, where it hangs, but since the introduction of photography it has become familiar to all, and reproductions of it are always in demand. The popularity of this picture is due in great measure to the charming personality of the jester himself. It is hard to think of him only as a picture, — he seems to be a living presence; and the first liking is rather for the jolly singer than for the work of art. This is true of all Frans Hals's work. His people are real people of Holland, not people of his imagination. He was fond of this bluff, robust type, — men with health and good spirits, but with little of the ideal. In the "Jester," we have only the frankly human side, painted because the artist believed in it and loved it for truth's sake. The jester is a candid, honest fellow, full of light, whimsical jest and boisterous fun, but has, withal, nothing of the frivolous.

While the influence which Frans Hals first wielded on his countrymen was doubtless through the vivid personalities he put on canvas, he became the most powerful influence in the formation of the Dutch school of painting. He presents the only instance in which the first man in a school is also the most perfect flower of its development. He shares with Velasquez the title of the "Painter's Painter." Fromentin says: "No man ever painted better, and no man ever will." He is to-day the most dominant influence throughout the art schools of Germany, France, and America; and this is well, since upon technical excellence all good art must be founded.

His art is materialistic, the only poetry is that of manner. He knows thoroughly the language of paint, and though what he says is sometimes coarse, his manner of saying it is eloquent, cultured, and refined. Flesh, bone, brawn, and weight he can translate into paint with convincing precision. There is always a freedom, a buoyant joyousness about his touch, that make him the most perfect painter of a laugh the world has ever known.

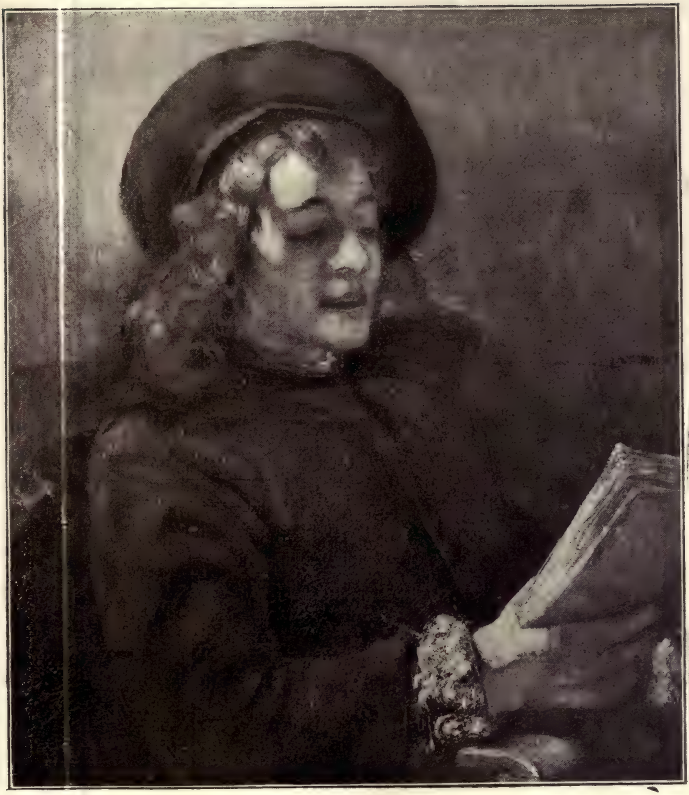
In the "Jester," he uses a harmony of soft grays and browns, and avoids all extremes of light or dark. He gains the effect of solidity, not by the use of line drawing, but by the exact relation of colour tones to each other. The forehead alone is a masterpiece of technique, being apparently entirely modelled with one stroke of the brush. His most direct influence upon the art of his time was through the school of painting of which he was the head until his death at the age of eighty-six.

Another Dutch painter, Jan Steen, who was a contemporary of Frans Hals, has given us a number of musical pictures which are almost equal favourites with the people. They are so alike, so animated by the same spirit. A typical one, "The Family Concert," in the Museum of the Art Institute of Chicago, was painted in 1666, which date, with the signature of Jan Steen, is inscribed on the roll of music on the table.

It represents the interior of a tavern. The jolly lute-player seated near the window is probably the artist himself. He wears a white shirt and full brown Dutch trousers; his plumed hat, set awry, gives an effect of careless insolence. The woman beside him wears a dress of dull grayish blue; the table before her is covered with a brilliant red and gold cloth; and the small boy playing upon the 'cello, with a long stemmed clay pipe, is habited in dull blue velvet and wears a red hat. These colours are so blended, so neutral, and so harmonized, that a detailed description is unsatisfactory. It is interesting to note, however, the curious absence of green tones. In spite of the individual brilliance of the colours, there is a certain mellow blending into a harmonious whole, making the general tone a rich golden brown. There is a remarkable amount of character study in the hands. The long thin ones of the flute-player bear no resemblance to the clumsy ones of the woman who sings, or to those of the man with the lute. The furniture of the room, the draperies, and the still life in general, are wonderfully well done, but are not so realistic as to detract from the idea of the picture.

The English have always been fond of this style of genre painting, and have been influential in giving Jan Steen his modern vogue. There is a spirit of fun and good-fellowship in his pictures that endears them to us as do the same qualities in our friends. It has been said that "What Steen is to Rembrandt, Molière is to Shakespeare." Like Molière, Steen is often coarse, but he is always witty. A closer parallel can be drawn between his work and that of the Englishman, Hogarth. Both struck at the follies and vices of their time, both show us the shadows as well as the lights of society as they knew it, and both are hopeful, without a trace of pessimism or morbid cynicism toward human nature. In "The Family Concert," we see him as he has been called, "The most jovial, careless Bohemian that ever quaffed a bowl or wielded a painter's brush."

Rembrandt's very charming and sunny-faced "Singing Boy," here reproduced, is a fine example of the wonderful effect of light and shade, typical of that great master of the Dutch school. In his portraits he loved to paint dark backgrounds, with



REMBRANDT. — SINGING BOY

contrasting deep shadows and bright lights on his faces, as in this instance, where the light strikes the boy's forehead, cheek, and nose. His fame rests largely on this peculiar mastery of chiaroscuro, which often gives a tender and subtle touch to his work.

In Van Dyck's "Wife with 'Cello," we have, as the name implies, a picture of his own lovely young wife, Maria Ruthven, whom he married to please Charles I., for whom he was then court painter. With her, he visited Flanders, reviewing the scenes of his early childhood. They lived happily together, until their return to England at the end of the year, when he died at the age of forty-two.

She was of noble Scotch ancestry, a niece of the Duchess of Montrose and of the Countess of Athol, and an attendant of Queen Henrietta, but brought no dowry to her artist-husband, beyond a certain sum provided by the king's generosity.

In portrait work Van Dyck was preëminent, and this painting in the Munich gallery represents him at his best.

The face turned partly toward us is that of a young and very lovely girl. Her gown is of rich white satin, and through her soft hair is run a string of pearls. She holds the bow of her 'cello lightly in her right hand, and in her left she takes the instrument she is about to play.

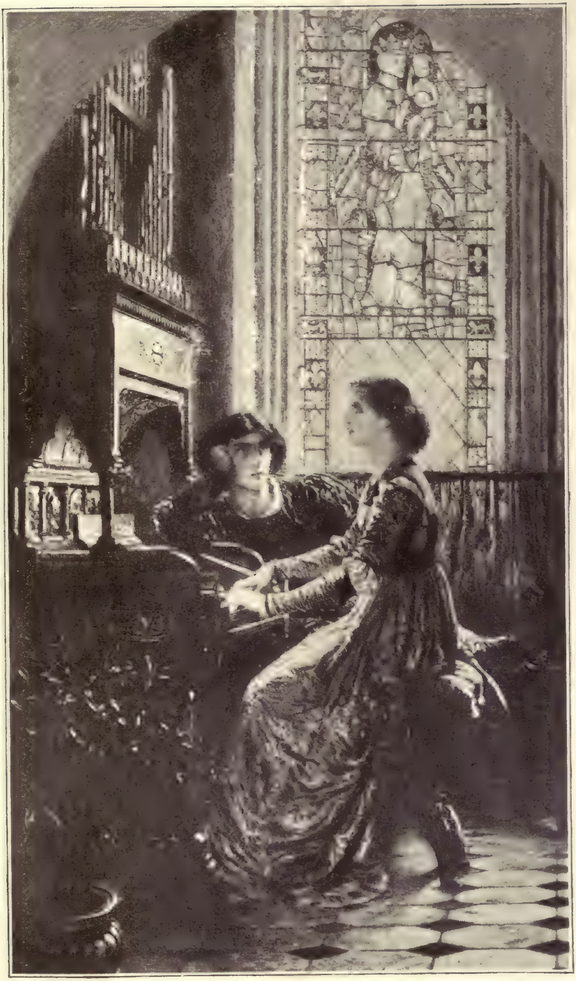
The Cassel Gallery contains the "Lute-Player," by Gerard Terborch, of the Dutch School, and his "Concert" and "Music Lesson" are treasures in the Louvre. In the latter painting, a young woman in a dress of white satin is seated near a table, holding in one hand a sheet of music from which she sings, while she beats time with the other. A companion on the other side of the table plays her accompaniment on the guitar, and a page holds a salver.

In "The Guitar Lesson," in the Museum of the Art Institute of Chicago, Terborch again represents a young woman in a gown of white satin, of which fabric he was painter *par excellence.* The sheen of the satin is rendered with consummate skill, as is also the texture of the red velvet and ermine of her dress. She is seated, and plays the guitar as she sings, while her master stands by the table beating time for her with his hand.

Giorgione's beautiful "Shepherd with a Flute," with its sweet eyes and mouth, broad brow, and lovely hair, is at Hampton Court. Berenson claims that this is an undoubted work of Giorgione's.

The American and English schools of the nineteenth century have little in common, partly through the influence of France on the Americans, and partly through their different environments. It is a strange fact that the most prominent men in the English school are those who depart most definitely from all its traditions. The English have always loved pictures which tell a story, — they love pictures of action rather than of speculation. The art they appreciate and understand is usually illustrative, — that which has a literary value and tells pictorially what might have been told in words. The works of Frank Dicksee, Sir John Millais, and Bryam Shaw are the natural flower of this school. Against them may be set the greatest modern British painters, Dante Gabrielle Rossetti, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Sir Frederick Leighton.

Frank Dicksee, whose painting, "Harmony," is reproduced, stands perhaps at the head of British story-telling art. That is, he does not believe that a work of art



DICKSEE. — HARMONY

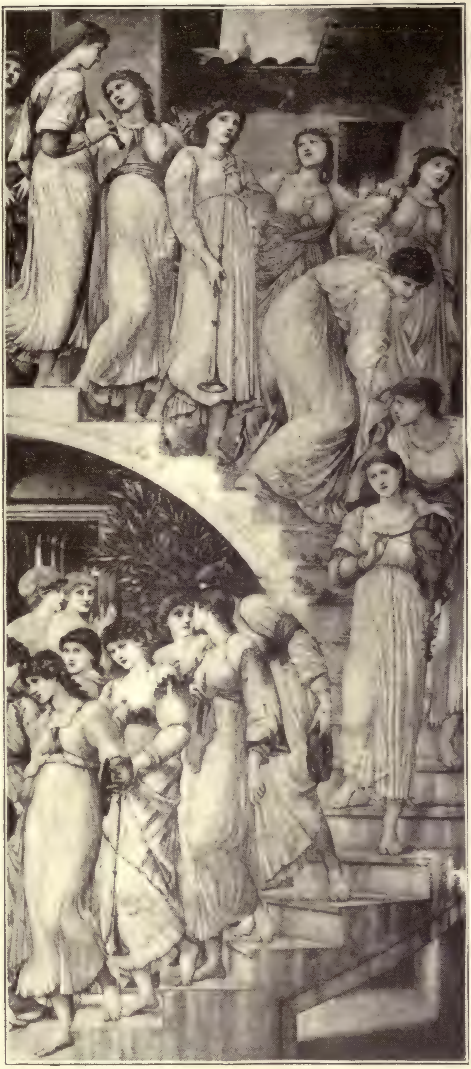
has a right to exist simply because it is beautiful. He believes that no combination of harmonious colours and perfect form is in itself a picture; to these must be added a beautiful story either suggested or told, and often he enhances this literary value by a verse or two written underneath, which retells in words what he has told above in paint.

In "Harmony," he has pictured for us a scene which suggests Germany in the sixteenth century. The colour scheme is most brilliant; in fact, no one in modern England can equal him in depth and richness of colour. The light which floods the canvas from the stained glass window seems a real light, as it falls on the maiden's mediæval gown, of yellow and purple silk, and surrounds her bright hair with a halo, making her a very Cecilia in her lover's eyes. In all Mr. Dicksee's pictures there is a delicacy of sentiment, a charming purity and refinement, rarely found even in the English school.

Dante Gabrielle Rossetti was one of the founders of the Preraphaelite brotherhood, the formation of which marked a new development in English art. Rossetti was a force most potent to inspire and encourage others, he was a formulator and promulgator of new theories, a prophet crying in the wilderness against an art whose sole aim was to please and control the Royal Academy. As a painter, his work embodies ideas rather than actions. Technically there are many of his followers who have surpassed him in drawing, colour, and composition. Among his real successes, however, is the painting called "Veronica Veronese." The subject was taken from the letters of Girolania Ridolfi, which describe how a lady, after listening to the notes of a bird, tries to write them in music, and afterward to play its song on her violin. An alleged quotation to this effect is inscribed on the frame; but it is said that the passage does not really occur in the letters, and was probably composed by Swinburne to fit the subject. The lady wears a rich velvet gown of Rossetti's favourite green, and beside her is a glass of yellow daffodils. The yellow of the flowers is repeated in the plumage of the canary perched outside a cage beside her. As she listens with dreamy blue eyes to the little songster, her fingers wander over the strings of the violin which is suspended on the wall before her. In "Veronica Veronese" we see the perfection of the type of beauty in which the whole Preraphaelite brotherhood delighted. The model was a celebrated beauty, Miss Wilding. The whole picture is full of consummate grace and rich colour.

Rossetti was the friend, inspirer, and teacher of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whose picture of the "Golden Stairs" is reproduced here. "Music on the Stairs" was a title by which it was formerly known, and "The King's Wedding," another.

In this picture he exemplifies all that is most beautiful in his work. It is a silent protest against the most striking tendencies of the modern world. Against its spirit of scientific research he opposes a love for the mystical; he confronts prosaic realism and the struggle for material prosperity with the idealism of the poet; instead of the spirit of irreverence, he shows a love for the things unseen, and holds up the pure ideals of the soul. To his Welsh blood may be credited this single-hearted, poetic temperament, which gives us a glimpse into the land where the fairies still linger in the hills and the wood-gods still find devotees at their



BURNE - JONES — GOLDEN STAIRS

altars. Art, literature, and music owe much to this Welsh spirit, which again and again makes protest against commercial realism and materialistic irreverence.

The actual had no charms for Burne-Jones. He was enamoured of beauty in all its forms, and the mere fact of the existence of a thing was to him no reason why it should be painted. His figures are personified thoughts, not real people.

One reason for the wide popularity of this picture of the "Golden Stairs," is that, as it is painted so nearly in monochrome, the reproductions give a very satisfactory idea of the original. These beautiful maidens, bearing their musical instruments, are indeed robed in varying shades of ivory-white and gray, relieved by the delicate colour in their faces and the bright flowers in their hair. All the other colouring is in the most subdued tints, and the whole effect is as of a musical harmony.

The Belgian artist, Fernand Khnopff, has translated the message of the picture into words for us. "Like the array of our most tender and precious memories, in the progress of life, these ideal beings of youth and beauty are coming down, down the inevitable steps. At first heedless and smiling; then one of them, already anxious, stops with her finger the possible sound of her long silver trumpet; the others bow their heads or hold them high, and their soft motions stir the myriad pleats of rippling crêpe. Down they come; as they descend the winding stair the suppressed passion of it all finds utterance in the plaint of a violin. Behind the metallic gleam of light cymbals introducing the saddened hues of dim gold and fading purple like the glow of an autumn sunset, they turn away to depart.

But before going off into the great hall, through the solemn colonnade, the last of the maidens stops, and, turning her head once more, sheds a smile of farewell."

Mention should be made of a decorative painting of Albert Moore's, entitled "The Quartette." This beautiful creation is almost architectural in its simplicity; it has no story to tell other than the old story of love and youth, — there is no violent action, a spirit of repose pervades the whole. It is impossible not to feel that the musical instruments were introduced solely for their decorative effect, for their own beautiful lines and colour, and for the graceful poses taken by the players. There is no historical significance about it, the violins are an anachronism with the Greek draperies; it is simply beauty for its own sake, abstract art crystallized into a decoration with music as its theme.

While considering the English painters, Laura Alma-Tadema must not be forgotten, for she has painted some things which are certainly worthy of her father's daughter. She, too, has felt the spell which music casts, and embodied it on canvas. There is a charming thing of hers called "The Carol," portraying the time of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. A young Frenchman in the quaint long-skirted coat, with its broad white collar, and the full rosette-trimmed trousers of the eighteenth century, is seated at an old clavichord; the light from a candle in a curious metal candlestick shines on his delicate face and on the beautiful girl who stands singing beside him. She wears a short-waisted gown of satin, with points of lace, in the style of Van Dyck's fair dames, adorning her throat and wrists. The background is a tile-covered wall with a mirror which reflects them in the distance. The fair lady sings directly to us, and we feel that the very words of the old French love-song are sounding in our ears. We are made a part of the music, — a part of the scene behind the frame, brought there by the charm of the song which breaks down all barriers of time, place, or unreality. And with Wordsworth we ask:

> "Will no one tell us what she sings? —
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.
> Or is it some more humble lay,
> Familiar matter of to-day?
> Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
> That has been and may be again?"

This same tendency to clothe his ideas in the forms of bygone days is shown in the works of a young German artist, Heinrich Vogler. He has removed from Vienna to a small town near the borders of Austria, where, with a few other painters, he lives and sends to the world what might be called painted songs without words. They might be illuminations from some old missal, or shadows from stained glass windows. His "Liebe" is a little ballad in paint. The youth and maiden, seated so lovingly on the carved stone bench, wear charmingly decorative costumes of rich brocade and clinging wool, which suggest Florence in the sixteenth century. Although we see only their backs, the idea of peaceful, happy love is distinct even without the charming musician in the foreground, who is really the principal figure in the picture. The harmonies from her harp serve to accentuate the quiet beauty of the landscape, and float softly away to the distant castle by the sea. It is an unreal country where they are resting, and we feel with them that —

"It is a land of languors and delights,
A land without a future or a past,
Full of sweet dreams and measured harmonies,
With never sorrow's shade upon it cast."

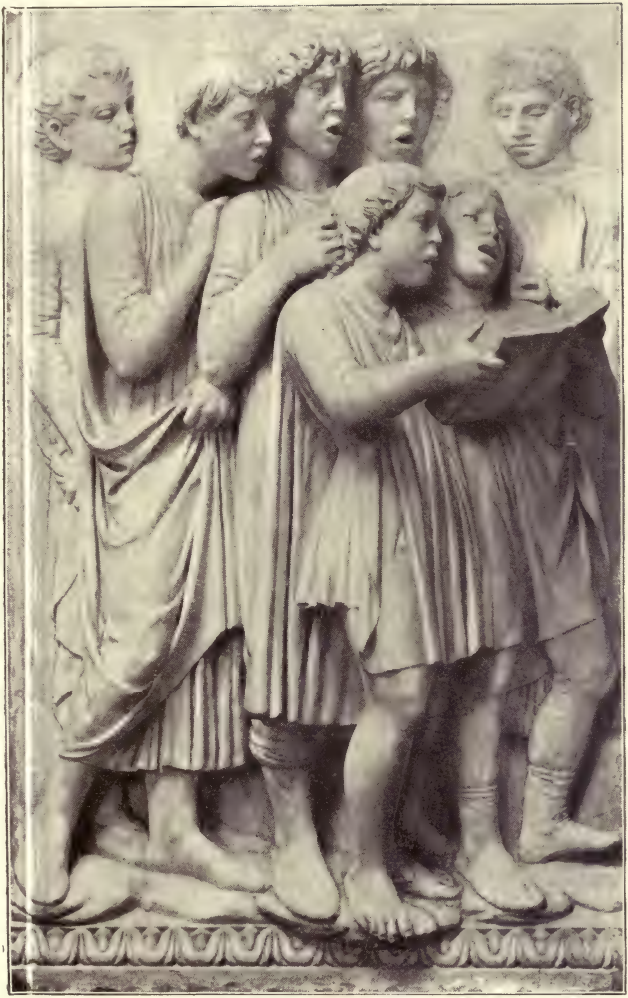
The sixteenth century in Italy shows us the zenith of the Renaissance. Raphael and Michael Angelo and a host of hardly less brilliant artists enriched Rome and the other Italian cities with paintings which are among the greatest treasures of the world. There are many whose theme is music or in which it is represented. The most famous of these is the fresco by Raphael in the Vatican, known as "Parnassus," described in another chapter.

To this same period belong the Della Robbia family, who enriched Florence with their bas-reliefs. These sculptures are familiar to all art lovers, — the loveliest gift we have from the Renaissance, — looking, as Pater says, as "if a piece of the blue sky had fallen into the streets of Florence."

This world-renowned "Singing Gallery," of Della Robbia's, was designed by him to fill a space in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Florence. Or, according to Perkins, this series of ten beautiful reliefs was begun "for the balustrade of one of the organs in the Duomo," when he was about forty-five years old.

"They represent," continues Mr. Perkins, "a band of youths dancing, playing upon musical instruments, and singing; the expression in each chorister's face is so true to the nature of his voice, that we can hear the shrill treble, the rich contralto, the luscious tenor, and the sonorous bass of their quartette, and as we listen to their 'ditties of no tone,' feel with the poet, while looking upon such another marble braid of men and maidens, 'that heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.'

"The skilful grouping of these figures,



DELLA ROBBIA. — SINGING BOYS

and the variety of graceful attitudes into which they are thrown, prevents a subject in itself without variety from being monotonous."

As Europe became more wealthy, and private houses rather than churches were places for decoration, we find the frescoes assuming a more cheerful tone. In the seventeenth century the musical angels have become laughing cupids, who float on fleecy clouds, delighting us with airs from guitars and flutes, as ethereal and unreal as themselves. This sentimental decoration culminated in the *genre* paintings of Watteau in the eighteenth century. These were produced to please the idle rich, who, without knowledge of either fitness or harmony, delighted in seeing themselves idealized, on canvas.

They were represented seated under impossible trees, in unreal landscapes, playing daintily on gay instruments.

Watteau's "Lute-Player," and the "Music Lesson," in the Louvre, by Lancret, his pupil and imitator, are examples. This portrayal of an artificial life was as far from true decoration as the tinkling airs of their mandolins were from real music. But with all this lack of living force, there is a charm of delicate colouring, graceful though extravagant pose, and a sentiment as far removed from the vulgar and sensual as it is possible to imagine.

In the "Guitar-Player" of Meissonier, the celebrated French painter of our own century, we have a more realistic treatment of a similar subject. Of the two figures he represents, the ardent listener sits astride a low bench, on which the cavalier-musician has propped his spur-booted foot, as he plays.

Perhaps the most beautiful thing produced in the United States in the way of a musical mural painting is the frieze in the concert-room of the Mendelssohn Glee Club in New York by Mr. Robert Blum, whose death was recently announced. It is composed of two immense frescoes, each fifty feet long and twelve feet high, which face each other on opposite sides. The first is called "The Moods of Music," and suggests, as the name implies, the different movements of the symphony. The andante is represented by two graceful nymphs, who lead the procession; following them, the allegro, are two slender piping boys and a group of singing girls. The gaiety increases, and the allegretto comes in with a mad round of dancers circling and swaying to the clatter of the wild tambourine players, who follow them as the allegro con furio grows in power and brilliance. One feels the rhythm in the dancers' feet, and the harmonious flow of their garments. "The scene is laid in a meadow dappled with spring flowers," writes Pauline King, "and the background, except for a short stretch of sky at each end, is covered by the intertwining branches of orchard trees, heavily laden with blossoms. In this paradise a procession of young maidens has halted; and some of them are playing the old game of forming a ring around a favourite, and whirling madly round and round so that she cannot break through the clasped hands. To the right, against a bit of classic wall, are stately women with lyres, and tall, lithe flute-players, with skins girt against their hips, who play a tune upon their instruments, which sets the young feet springing on the sward; and beyond the merrymakers, on the left, the rest of their companions crowd up in pairs, some playing on enormous tambourines, and others singing as they appear around the edge of the trees.

"The interest centres upon the leader of the pageant, surrounded by her ring of playmates, their wind-blown garments swirling around them in fantastic shapes, --a fair, ethereal company, their faces lighted with smiles and laughter. The tone of the landscape is of that delicate lightness both in leafage and blossom, which, mirrored under a clear, cool sky, makes the peerless loveliness of the early part of the spring. And in the midst of this, the notes of the girlish blonde and brunette heads, the bare arms and necks, and the many hues of gray, pink, lavender, and green, and white of their fluttering draperies, worn with careless negligence, are as harmonious as if a flock of soft-feathered doves had lighted upon the grass. The entire effect makes a matchless combination of delicate, pure colour with the dead white of the walls, the rhythmic movement of the figures is one with the strains of the voices that swell beneath them, and the composition is managed with such cleverness that in the throng of beauties, — each one worthy of closest study, — there is not one of them, or the least fold or garland, or fluttering lock of hair, however fascinating in itself, but that is obliged to play a subordinate part for the benefit of the decorative impression."

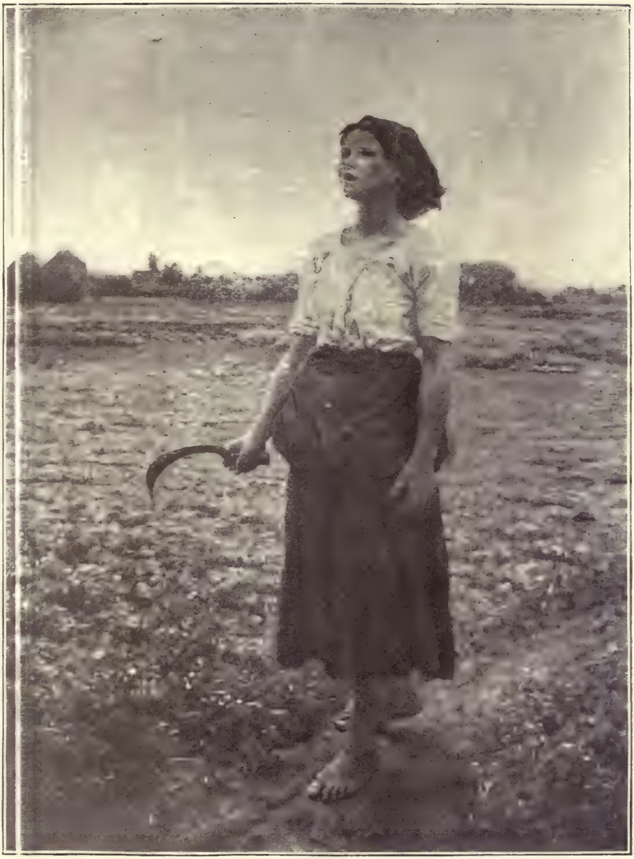
In the second panel, Mr. Blum has given us the harmony of contrast; not of colour or drawing or technique, but of feeling. Instead of the airy, rhythmic grace of the dancers, we have a slow, stately procession to Bacchus — a vintage festival; for green trees and gay blossoms, we have marble colonnades and a tesselated pavement; in one, the figures have the abandon of children; the other is a carefully rehearsed effect. The colours of the second, while perfectly in harmony with the first and with the other decorations, are stronger and more positive, — more the colours produced by the careful dyer than those reflected from nature. The lyres, pipes, and tambourines lend their accompaniment to the stately melody. As these two contrasting processions sweep onward toward the stage they illustrate for us the two great classes of music. The first, the natural expression of the primitive man when moved by happiness or pain, a simple, spontaneous expression of a simple emotion; the second, a deliberate arrangement of sound to gain a desired effect, a reproduction of emotions by means of music. Chopin is an expression of the first school, Wagner of the last.

The great size of these decorations makes a small reproduction of them unsatisfactory.

From these two large frescoes, which

charm by their grace and vivacity, it is interesting to turn to the masterpiece of Jules Breton, "The Song of the Lark." This is among the few peasant pictures which are known and loved of all the world, and is one of the most popular pictures of any sort ever painted. Like the "Angelus" — the "Man with the Hoe" — and some of Raffaelli's "Labourers," it is interesting, apart from the technical side, for what it implies rather than for what it says.

The peasant girl, heavy of soul, dull of brain, embruted by a life of hopeless toil and struggle, is starting in the early dawn for her day's labour. The subdued reflection of the sky, in which the gray of night is just beginning to melt into the pearly pink of dawn, is thrown upon her white waist, and the coarse blue apron tucked above her dark skirt. The sun, a fiery ball, shows its upper rim over the dark masses



BRETON. — THE SONG OF THE LARK

of the distant trees and illumines the damp, rich verdure of the fields. But the glorious tints of the awakening earth are not for her; the beautiful earth is merely the unresponsive soil from which she must wrest the meagre bread she eats.

She does not see the golden light which strikes along her path, till suddenly the voice of "the prima donna of the dawn" falls on her ear. It is a language she understands, and it lifts her soul away from the things of earth, into the realms of pure delight. She is no more a clod, but a living soul, to whom is opened all the realm of beauty and of harmony.

CHAPTER VI.

WORSHIP

> "Praise the Lord with harp; sing unto him with the psalter
> and an instrument of ten strings.
> Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise."
> — *Psalm XXXIII.*

MUSIC has been an inseparable part of the worship of all ages. It is the expression of man's deeper nature, the voice of his soul, and from the dawn of worship there have been hymns and chorales. Her voice was heard in the earliest religious rites. The morning stars sang together at the creation, and angelic choirs celebrated the birth of Christ. It was heaven itself that taught man the song of praise, and pagans as well as Christians used it.

Art could not fail to reveal the inseparable nature of the two. It is seen in the bas-reliefs of Egypt as early as the fourth dynasty. The Sphinx-guarded tombs of Memphis and Thebes — the pyramids themselves—all bear witness to the deeply religious feeling of her people, which found expression here, as in Greece, in music. Not in the joyous worship of the Northern nations, for the sober religious ceremonial of the Egyptian was ever shadowed by his belief in judgment to come.

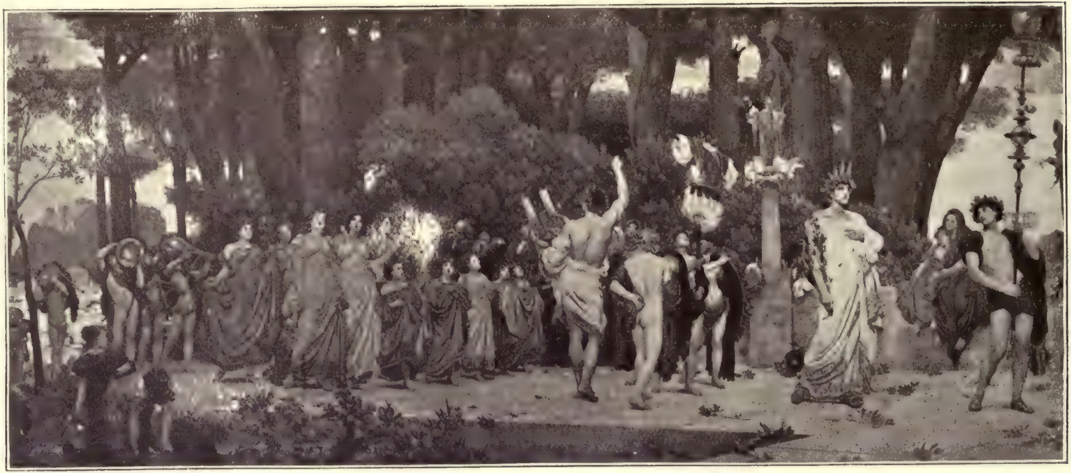
Harps,—the most ancient of which history speaks, — lutes, single and double flutes, kettle-drums, and the jingling sistrum are represented on the tombs of El Amarna. Herodotus calls attention to the beautiful Egyptian melody, "Maneros," or the "Lament of Isis over the Death of Osiris, the Apollo of Egypt."

Luis Faléro, one of the greatest artists of the modern Spanish school, has, in his painting, "Prayer to Isis," imagined a priestess of that goddess chanting her prayer from a temple roof in Thebes. It is evening. Twilight fills the sky as the hymn of the kneeling young priestess rises in gratitude, to —

"The Life in Life, the Dream within the Dream,
The fountain which in silent melody
Feeds the dumb waters of eternity."

The graceful Egyptian harp of the priestess, as well as the sistrum of the young neophyte, who accompanies her, are instruments dedicated to the worship of Isis.

Sir Frederick Leighton's "Daphnephoria," here reproduced, — the crowning achievement of his third decade (1876), — brings vividly before us one of the ancient Bœotian religious festivals for the worship of Apollo. The procession, with all its emblems and the chorus of singing



LEIGHTON.— DAPHNEPHORIA

virgins, carrying olive-branches, moves onward to the temple of the sun god. A youth, chosen for his beauty from some distinguished family, and crowned with leaves, leads the pageant, wearing on his feet "Iphricatidæ," peculiar to his service as a priest of Apollo. From the extraordinary symbol he bore in his hand, an olive-bough hung in garlands of laurel and flowers, he was called the "laurel bearer."

On the top of the bough was a globe of brass, representing the sun, or Apollo. From this hung many smaller balls typifying the stars, and near the middle a lesser globe and three hundred and sixty-five crowns, the globe being symbolical of the moon and the crowns of the sun's revolutions. This "laurel bearer" was accompanied by one of his nearest of kin, who preceded him as the procession made its way to the temple, where hymns of supplication were chanted to Apollo.

Ernest Rhys's description of Lord Leighton's painting of the "Daphnephoria" is well worth giving in full.

He says: "The procession is seen defiling along a terrace backed by trees through which the clear southern sky gleams. A youth carrying the symbolic olive bough called the 'Kopo,' adorned with its curious emblems, heads the procession. He is clad in purple robes and crowned with leaves. The youthful priest, known as the 'Daphnephoros' (the laurel bearer) follows, clothed in white raiment. He is similarly crowned and carries a slim laurel stem.

"Then come three boys, in scanty red and green draperies, which serve only to emphasize the beauty of their almost naked forms, the middle and tallest one bearing aloft a draped trophy of golden armour. These are seen to be pausing whilst the leader of the chorus, a tall, finely modelled man, whose back is turned, is giving directions to the chorus with uplifted right hand; in his left hand is a lyre, and the left arm, from the elbow, is characteristically draped. The first row of the chorus is composed of five children, clothed in purple, crowned with flowers; two rows of maidens in blue and white come next, and these in turn are succeeded by some boys with cymbals. The interest of the passing procession is very much enhanced by the effect produced on two lovely bystanders, — a girl and child in blue, beautifully designed, who are drawing water in the left foreground. In the valley below is seen the town of Thebes."

This great classic theme, just described, is not the only musical subject from the brush of Lord Leighton. His "Music Lesson," as well as a number of fine frescoes, are other instances of his love for music. Aside from being a brilliant painter, he was a man of culture, whose friendship was valued by rival artists, as well as by those less fortunate than himself. In the crypt of St. Paul's, his resting-place, he lies beside Turner, Benjamin West, and Sir Christopher Wren.

Alma-Tadema's superb painting, the "Vintage Festival," ranks among this master's three or four greatest pictures, such as his "Death of the First-Born," the "Reading from Homer," his "Sappho," and "Cleopatra."

This long painting of the "Vintage," evidently intended, from its length, to decorate a frieze, was begun in Brussels, and only given its last touches after he had left his unsympathetic Friesland home, and begun life over amid new surroundings, in Regent's Park, London.

The "Vintage" is a striking illustration of Alma-Tadema's love for truthfulness of detail; and not less extraordinary is the colouring and sense of motion conveyed. The vine-dressers have entered the temple to give thanks to their god Bacchus, for his blessings, and to express in music their joy and gratitude. A golden glow floods the sanctuary — the brilliance of full rosy daylight. The colours of the vintage are suggested throughout. The subdued gold, warm browns, soft red and indefinite purples of the autumn landscape giving a feeling of rich warmth. The gleam and translucence of the marble is a marvel of technique, and the soft, blurred reflections of the procession are wonderful spots of colour. With a light, gliding step moves in advance a beautiful young bacchante in the long white gown of the priestess. Her soft golden hair is wreathed in vine leaves and clusters of grapes. She bears in her hand the flaming torch with which she is to light the fires on the altar of the god. She glances back at her gracefully moving companions, who follow, with flutes and tambourines, accompanying the chanting voices of the multitude in the hall below.

Strong men, carrying huge jars of the new wine, complete the festal scene. The most striking colour note in the painting is the crimson drapery of the tambourine girl.

Describing the scene, Georg Ebers says: "Quietly, yet deeply penetrated by a devout feeling of gratitude, the procession moves forward, and the most genuine holiday mood cheerily and reverently pervades the temple and throng. The marble gleams, the bronze shimmers in marvellous hues and in the clear, radiant light of the festal day; every face, every utensil, every ornament, every seam between the stones, has its full and complete value. Whoever remembers this picture feels as if he had been permitted to share as a guest in the holiday rejoicing of the Hellenes."

Leaving the light festival music of the early Greek worship and that accompanying the Egyptian religious rites and ceremonials, in which the harp was given so important a part, we find in the time of King David this instrument at the summit of its glory. Its rich, sympathetic chords were well suited to voice the fervent religious spirit of David's nature and of his time, when —

> "The Bards sang, and the soft hand of
> Virgins trembled on the string."

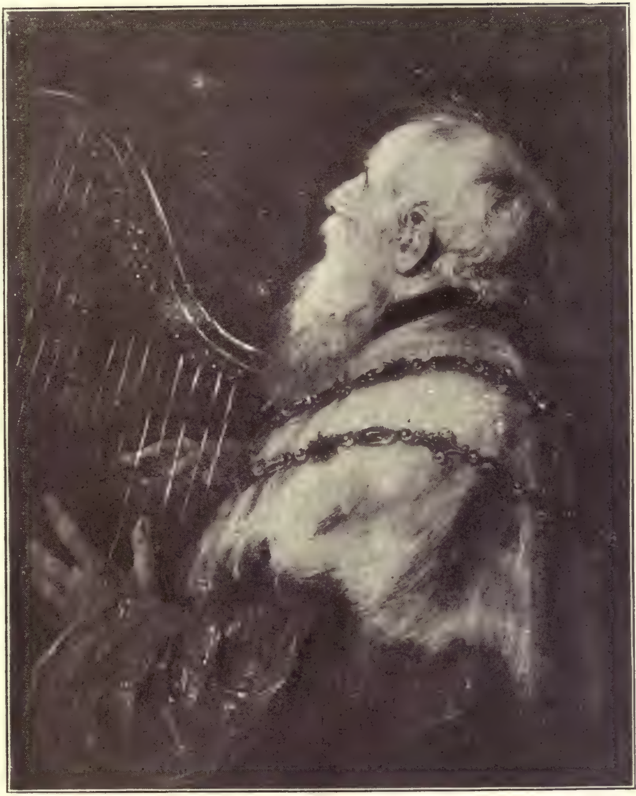
The Hebrews sang their hymns of praise in their temple services and national festivals to the accompaniment of the harp.

According to mediæval artists, we must suppose the "kinnor" with which David, the shepherd-minstrel, charmed away the evil spirits which troubled the heart of Saul, was not unlike the early Egyptian lyre, — a horizontal, stringed instrument from which has gradually developed our piano of to-day. After this royal harper came to the throne, we read that on the occasion of the moving of the ark, "David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir-wood, even on harps and on psalteries and on timbrels."

Singing was also David's kingly accomplishment, and in the psalms he composed and sang Hebrew poetry reached its supremest height. Three thousand years have passed, yet even to-day they stand unequalled.

In the painting here given by the great Flemish master, Rubens, we catch, with Byron, a glimpse of —

"The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,



RUBENS. — KING DAVID

Which music hallow'd while she wept
  O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
  Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
  It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
  That felt not, fired not to the tone,
  Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne."

In this painting of David, Rubens shows us the sweet singer in his old age. The artist's conception is beautiful in its spirit of devotion and worship. David's eyes are raised as if in a hymn of praise, as he accompanies himself on his harp. The details are carefully studied, such as the characterization of the hands. They are distinctly old hands, and the hands of a musician, yet how beautiful are the fingers as they touch the harp-strings, and with what delicacy and feeling are they painted!

This painting of Rubens is remarkable for its sympathetic and spiritual quality, which does not characterize all of this master's work. The head is of the Jewish type, with sweeping beard, the whole bearing of the aged "King of Judea" conveying a sense of majestic dignity. We find, however, a curious anachronism in the rich costume of ermine, velvet, and jewels, very like the costume of a mayor of Rubens's own time. Ermine was unknown in Judea, and velvet was only invented about two thousand years after the great Psalmist's death, and not a very beautiful velvet then.

As in all Rubens's works, the flesh-tints are florid. The texture of the fur and of David's long white beard and hair exhibit a perfection of technique for which Rubens was famed. Faultless in its composition, it contains the long, sweeping lines he loved to paint.

There are many paintings of this subject; among them should be mentioned

Rembrandt's "David Playing before Saul," as well as Sir Frederick Leighton's "David the Psalmist," which represents the king sitting upon a housetop gazing upward at two doves. The painting was exhibited bearing the inscription, "Oh, had I the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

In Francia's "Coronation of the Virgin," at San Frediano at Lucca, there is a figure of David, crowned, standing with King Solomon on the flower-strewn ground on the left. His eyes are turned heavenward, as he plays upon a psaltery, which in the painting shows only seven strings and pegs, although it may have had others, as the number of brass strings varied.

Luca Signorelli gives King David, the psalmist, a prominent place in his painting of the "Madonna, Saints, and Prophets," in the Arezzo Gallery. He is seated beneath the Virgin, playing on a harp or psaltery. The colouring is very dark, and although the conception of David is majestic, the figure, as carried out, is rather ungainly.

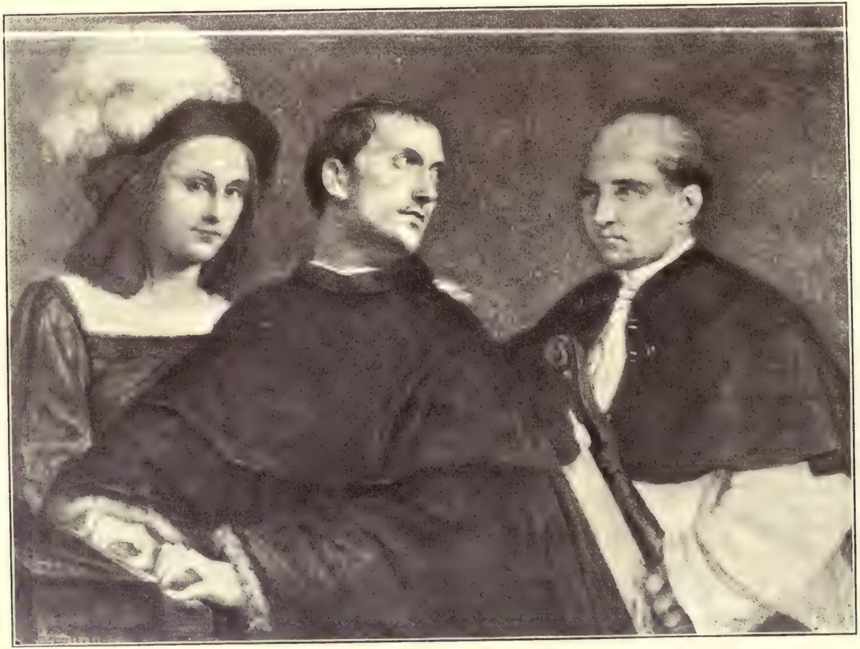
Angels, standing on either side of the Virgin, play to her, one on a lute, and the other on a violin.

Giorgione's world-famous "Concert," a reproduction of which is given here, hangs in the Hall of the Iliad, of the Pitti Gallery, Florence.

Few of the paintings of this brilliant Venetian master have escaped total destruction, and of these, several are credited by competent critics to other artists.

While Morelli, Doctor Berenson, and others attribute the "Concert" to Titian, Crowe and Cavalcaselle consider it to be an unusually fine example of Giorgione's work, and say that it "gives a just measure of his skill, and explains his celebrity."

It not only has suffered much from the



GIORGIONE. — THE CONCERT

hand of a "restorer," as well as from the thick coat of varnish which covers it today, but was cut from its frame and carried to Paris in the time of Napoleon, and injured in so many ways, that it is little wonder that critics find difficulty in judging the work.

However, many important authorities — Müntz, Signor Conti, and others — agree with Crowe and Cavalcaselle, that the Pitti "Concert" is Giorgione's own work.

The central figure of this extraordinary composition is, fortunately, the one best preserved. Giorgione was celebrated for his portraits, and of this group of three heads Herbert Cook says, "In conception and spirit they are typically Giorgionesque, and Morelli, I imagine, would scarcely have made the bold suggestion of Titian's authorship, but for the central figure of the young monk playing the harpsichord. This head stands out in grand relief, being in a far purer state of preservation than the rest, and we are able to appreciate, to some extent, the extraordinarily subtle modelling of the features, the clear-cut contours, the intensity of expression. . . . The subtlety of the composition, the bold sweep of diagonal lines, the way the figure of the young monk is 'built up,' on a triangular design, the contrasts of black and white are essentially Giorgione's own. So, too, is the spirit of the scene, so telling in its movement, gesture, and expression."

The colouring is rich and warm. We can almost hear the deep full chords from the hands of the monk, whose face, as he turns at the gentle touch of his companion's hand on his shoulder, is one long to be remembered.

The angelic choristers of the old masters — exquisite creations of their wonderful imaginations — are represented in every attitude of worship.

Sometimes these heavenly musicians worship the Almighty with hymns of joy and praise, or attend the glorified Saviour,

> "And with songs
> And choral symphonies, day without night,
> Circle His throne rejoicing,"

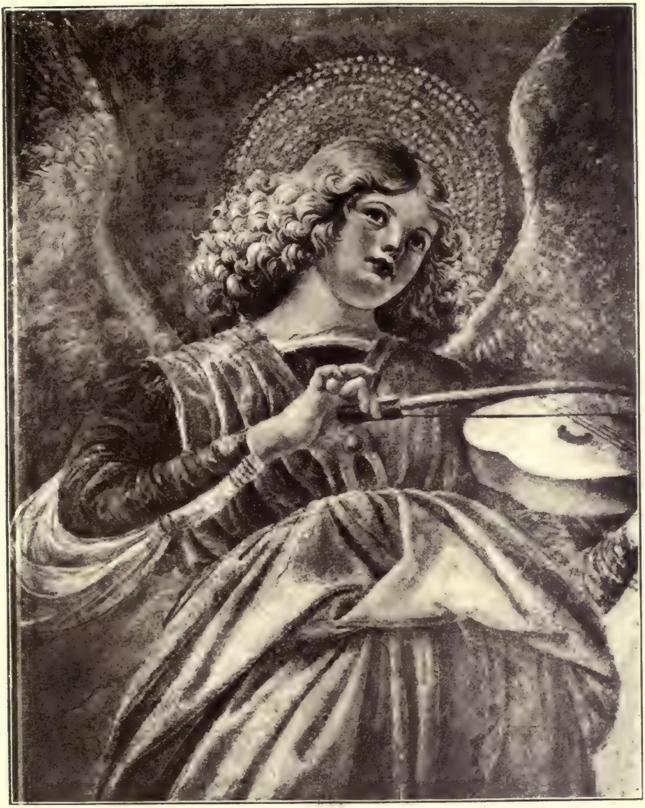
as beautifully represented by Fra Angelico, in his "Christ in Glory Surrounded by Angels," which once formed the *predella* of an altar-piece to the Madonna of San Domenico at Fiesole.

Sometimes they pour forth their songs of triumph, as in Luca Signorelli's "Crowning of the Elect," — in the Orvieto Cathedral, where he represents nine angels playing upon musical instruments, in the clouds above; or welcome the elect with music, as in his "Paradiso," — where music-making angels float in a sky of pure gold, showing the righteous the way.

The wings of Signorelli's angels are not painted for purely decorative purposes, but are wings of great strength. His mighty archangels in his "Resurrection," sending forth their clarion notes from silver trumpets, have wings of superhuman strength — well able to bear aloft the angelic bodies they carry.

Sometimes these blessed beings — "birds of God," as Dante calls them — from celestial choirs in the clouds above, rejoice at the birth of Christ, as in Botticelli's "Nativity," or join in St. Cecilia's hymn, or pour forth their divine harmonies, as represented in the heavenly choruses of Raphael, Vivarini, Ghirlandajo, Palma and Fiesole.

Where in early Christian art can one find anything more lovely than Melozzo da Forli's beautiful angels, playing on



MELOZZO DA FORLI. — AN ANGEL

golden lutes or viols, in St. Peter's, Rome, — one of which is given here?

Very little of his work has come down to us, — a few sacred fragments merely, but enough to show us the beautiful art of Upper Italy at its best.

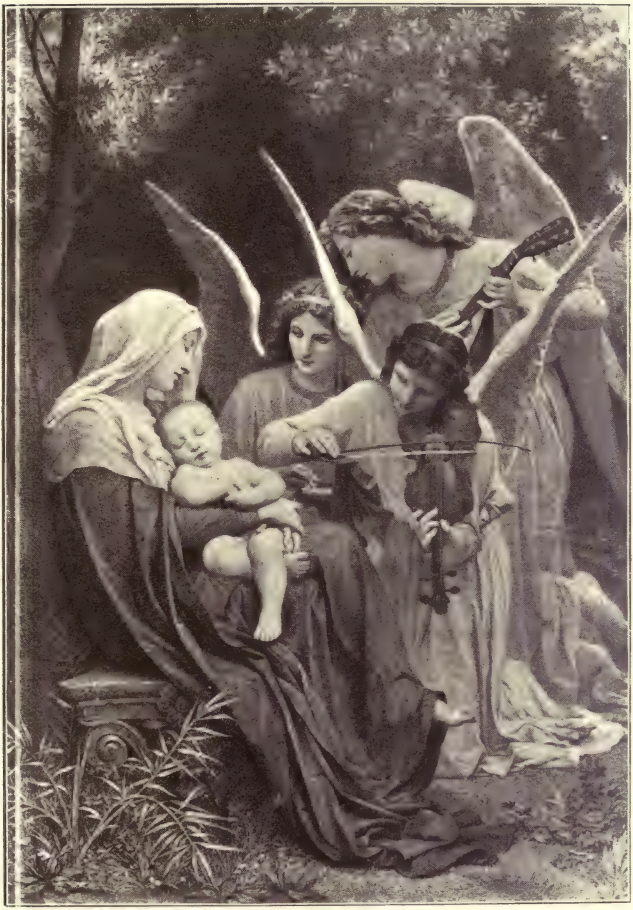
Berenson calls attention to these "grandly robust forms," and speaks of the charm of their entire absence of all personality. The colouring is of great delicacy, and the expression full of tenderness and devotion, especially so in the angels of the sacristy of St. Peter's, where one plays a lute and another is striking the cymbals.

Other angels of his surround the figure of Christ in the palace of the Quirinal.

The Virgin was worshipped with "hymns of winged gladness," at the birth of Christ. Songs of hope and love were on the lips of the angels who watched over her, and the great masters who have painted the Madonna have pictured her attended by these angelic choristers who sit upon the steps of her throne, or stand or kneel near her playing on the lute, harp, viol, or trumpet.

In Murillo's "Virgin and Infant Jesus," in Correggio's "Madonna and Child," in Van Dyck's "Madonna, Child, and Angels," and in Carpaccio's "Presentation," we find the Virgin and infant Christ being worshipped not only with song, but with the music of these instruments, as we do also in Bouguereau's beautiful conception of this subject. This modern master of the French school has painted a lovable young mother, full of grace and tenderness, gently clasping the Christ-child to her bosom.

It is a charming composition, filled with contrasts of light and shade, which filter through the foliage in the background and catch on the flanges of the angels' wings



BOUGUEREAU. — MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS

in an effective way. The blue of the Virgin's draperies, symbolical of heaven, the white of her graceful head-dress and of the robes of the angels who kneel at her feet, worshipping her with strains of sweet music, form a soft and harmonious colour scheme. Bouguereau seems to have painted the faces of the three angels from the same model, the same prettiness of type being repeated in each. The waxy flesh-tones are characteristic of all this master's work. However, his faultless drawing and skilful execution are noticeable, as well as a certain refinement, taste, and feeling which are apparent in all his religious subjects.

The expression of the Virgin's face is one of peculiar thoughtfulness and serenity, as if shadowed by some premonition of the future. Bouguereau followed this painting with his "Pieta," which shows the fulfilment of her forebodings. The principal group is again surrounded by the faces of adoring angels, but the Virgin's attitude and expression is now heartbroken and resigned.

The wing of the altar-piece next to the Virgin in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent, painted by the Van Eyck brothers, contains eight angels, who stand before a music-desk and worship the Virgin in song. Referring to this painting, Kugler says: "They are represented as choristers in splendid vestments and crowns. The brilliancy of the stuffs and precious stones is given with the hand of a master, the music-desk is richly ornamented with Gothic carved work and figures, and the countenances are full of expression and life; but in the effort to imitate nature with the utmost truth, so as even to enable us to distinguish with certainty the different voices of the double quartet, the spirit of a holier influence has already passed away." It is on the wing opposite this we find Van Eyck's lovely St. Cecilia, described in another chapter.

In Correggio's "Madonna and Child with Angels," which hangs in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, the attention of both Virgin and Child is held by the music of a child angel with wings, playing on the viola. Behind them, another angel sings and plays a lyre. Above the bright nimbus about the Virgin's head is a group of sweet cherub heads with rosy flesh-tints.

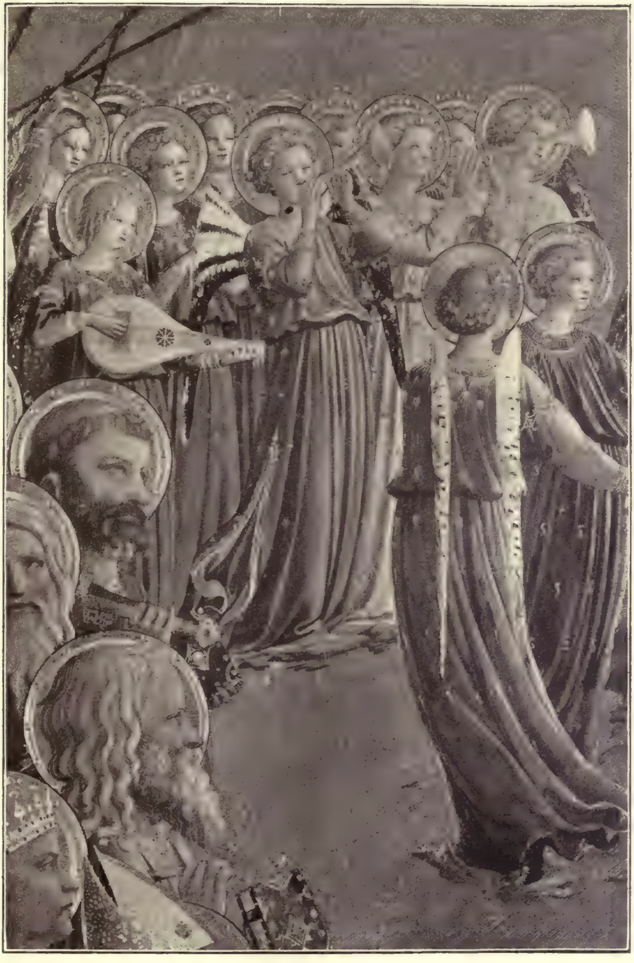
The angel holding the viola wears a robe of greenish-blue, while the one on the Madonna's right, who sings with the golden lyre, has a sad expression, and is robed in a soft and rich yellow. Her fair hair and pearly complexion are pleasing, and the wing that shows is of a deep crimson colour.

The Virgin wears a drapery of blue over an under robe of crimson. Both figures are turned to the left, absorbed in the strains of music from the angel's viol. This brilliant little canvas is well preserved, and was at one time attributed to Titian, but Morelli and later critics claim it to be an early work of Correggio's.

The many beautiful music-making angels painted by that holy monk of San Marco, Fra Angelico, "The Blessed," are exquisite as they float in the heavens, serenely blowing on long silver trumpets or playing upon lutes, cymbals, viols, little organs, or harps.

The spiritual beauty of these ideal figures is remarkable, and every detail of their painting shows the touch of a loving hand.

In San Maria Novella at Florence, in the convent of San Marco in the Vatican, the Louvre and the Uffizi, his principal frescoes are to be found. His "Coronation of the Virgin," given here, is in the



FRA ANGELICO. — ANGELS (DETAIL FROM THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN)

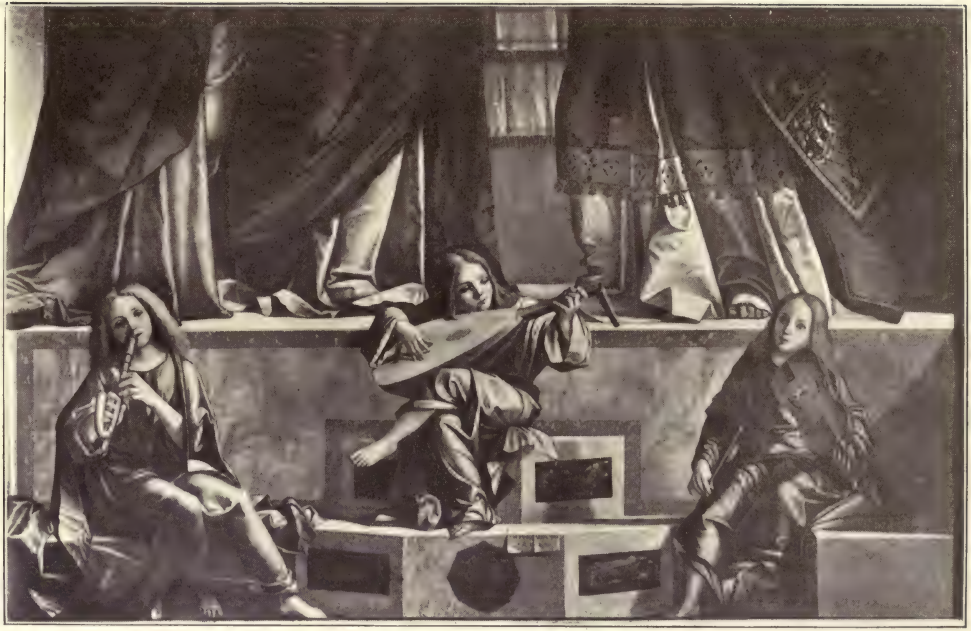
Uffizi. Langton Douglas describes "his glorious circlet of blessed personages in mid-air, above the clouds, in front of a glowing background of golden rays." "Above on the left," he continues, "is the Virgin, her face full of sweetness and content. With her hands crossed over her breast, she bends forward a little as the Christ, who is seated opposite to her, places in her crown a jewel set in gold.

"To the right hand, and to the left, is a choir of angels singing and playing on musical instruments. Once again the artist has introduced the long Florentine trumpet with admirable effect. On either hand below are grouped, so as almost to complete the circle, fifty saints, male and female. The heads are full of character. In some cases the artist has reproduced faces which are to be found in the earlier Louvre altar-piece, but with added strength and subtlety of delineation. Here

Fra Angelico's power of harmonious and rhythmical composition is seen at its best. This picture of the 'Coronation' is like some glorious crown of coloured gems, floating in the empyrean."

In Vivarini's beautiful painting the music of the angels is in praise of St. Ambrose; while in Paul Veronese's triptych the side wings are devoted to SS. Gregory and Jerome on one side, and SS. Augustine and Ambrose on the other. Angels playing upon musical instruments hover above the heads of each group.

Mention must be made of that host of singing, piping, or fluting cherubs the early painters — especially of Upper Italy — loved to introduce into their sacred subjects. Bellini's piping cherubs, crowned with myrtle, sitting at the foot of the Madonna's throne, in his painting in the Frari, Venice, Francia's youthful choristers, and those of Botticelli, Filippino



CARPACCIO. — CHILD MUSICIANS (DETAIL FROM THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE)

Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo, Mantegna, and other Italian masters,—all lovely little creations of childish beauty, pouring out their notes of worship.

Pinturicchio's child-musicians are painted with much attention and used most effectively, as are also those of Vivarini, Alvise, and Vittore Carpaccio, but only by the latter were cherubs,—charming *putti*, or tiny boys with lutes, violins, trumpets,—introduced with really decorative effect, as in the example given here.

How exquisite are the *putti* at the base of his "Presentation in the Temple," in the Academy of Fine Arts, Venice, and here reproduced. Especially lovely is the one in the centre playing the lute, with a sweetly serious face.

Berenson speaks of Lorenzo Lotto's "two chubby baby-angels," perched on a wall in front of the enthroned Madonna with her sleeping infant. Each is represented with little wings, and singing or playing on tiny lutes.

In Mantegna's "Virgin and Child Enthroned," in the Brera Gallery, he has painted three *angioletti* sitting below the Virgin on the steps of her throne, playing on a violin and lutes; and in the Louvre is his lovely "Concert of Children." One of these three small boys, seated on a marble pedestal, strikes a timbrel, while the other two, on either side of him, accompany him on their flutes. The colours are pleasing and mellow, and the figures are natural and beautifully varied.

Francia painted the musical instruments his angels hold, with such skill and accuracy, that he must have felt as strong a love for music as he did for colour. In his "Felicini" altar-piece, in the Bologna Gallery, the charming *putto*, — or tiny angel seated at the Virgin's feet, plays upon a lute — a beautifully shaped instrument with an elaborately carved "rose" beneath the strings.

In his "Bentivoglio" altar-piece at San Giccomo Maggiore, Bologna, one of the two child-angels is playing on a lute with a lemon or pear-shaped back so carefully painted that the number of strings and pegs can easily be counted. In his "Calcina" altar-piece in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, two little angels sit beneath the enthroned Virgin, one playing a viol de braccio, with a bow, and the other playing on a rather large lute with a "rose" of unusual beauty, elaborately carved in a central star surrounded by roses.

In the Hall of Arts and Sciences of the Borgia Apartments of the Vatican, is Pinturicchio's beautiful painting of "Music," filling one of the seven spaces in this room decorated by him. In each panel is painted an emblematical group, the central figure of which is a woman.

"Music" is perhaps the most beautiful of them all. This panel has been well described by Evelyn March Phillipps, who says: "With drooped eyelids the symbolic sister daintily plays a violin; of four beautiful *putti* two hold back the splendid dark green curtains, and two play the flute at 'Music's' feet. Two old men are grouped together with Tubal Cain, who, as in the Spanish Chapel, forges musical instruments and keeps time with his swinging hammer. On the left is a charming group of boys, — one playing the harp, another singing, a third, in rich dark robe and a student's cap upon his square outflowing locks, touching a lute. In the spontaneity and unity that runs through all these figures, the suggestion of music, and the sense of pleasure in it, is rendered as in few other paintings of the

Renaissance. We almost hear the strain, soft, fresh, heart-stirring, given without exaggeration or self-consciousness, to which the little *putti* above seems to lean and listen, and we feel little doubt that this, the most lovingly painted, the most homogeneous of all the scenes, was painted entirely, or almost entirely, by Pinturicchio himself."

Bernardino di Betti Biagio was the real name of Pinturicchio, which means only "Little Painter."

The Sienese School, of which Simone Memmi was the chief, strove at spiritual expression rather than an imitation of the material form.

Few of Memmi's works have withstood the wear of time, but Ruskin calls our attention to one of his frescoes in a cloister of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, in the Cappella de' Spagnuoli, and refers to the figure representing "Music," following that of "Reason," as one of the most pleasing in the series, "an extreme refinement and tender severity being aimed at throughout." "She is crowned," he continues, "not with laurel, but with small leaves. I am not sure what they are, being too much injured. The lips, not far open in their low singing, the hair rippling softly on the shoulders. She plays on a small organ, richly ornamented with Gothic tracery, the slope of it set with crockets like those of Sante Maria del Fiore. The action of both hands is singularly sweet. The right is one of the loveliest things I ever saw done in painting. She is keeping down one note only, with the third finger seen under the raised fourth, the thumb just passing under. All the curves of the fingers are exquisite, the pale light and shade of the rosy flesh relieved against the ivory white and brown of the notes. Only the thumb and end of the forefinger are seen of the left hand, but they indicate enough its pressure on the bellows. Fortunately, all these frescoes are absolutely intact."

Taddeo Gaddi is sometimes credited with this work. Petrarch was a friend of Memmi's, and Giotto was his contemporary.

The music of the early Christian worship was copied by the hands of monks, and preserved in ponderous volumes, jealously guarded in convent and monastery under lock and key. Each order kept its music separate from the others, not permitting it to be copied.

Some of those rare old tomes that have come down to us from the eighth and ninth centuries, such as we see lying by the organ in Gustave Doré's beautiful picture, "A Day Dream," are rare works of art, with their parchment pages richly illuminated like old missals. In this picture of Doré's, which might well be called "Inspiration," he brings vividly before us the end of a Sabbath morning cathedral service of music and worship. The procession of officiating priests files slowly out to the recessional of the young monk in the organ loft, whose soul seems wrapped in reverie, as his hands glide lightly over the keys, "the music yearning like a god in pain." Although the colouring is somewhat muddy and heavy, the composition is absolutely faultless. The flood of light from a stained glass window above the organ falls on the young organist's uplifted face and tonsured head, his arms and the marble balustrade casting blurred shadows on the tiled floor and the books of music lying at his feet.

The intense, imaginative quality of this great genius is here strongly felt. Unlike the lurid grandeur of most of Doré's canvases, a delicate spirituality pervades this work.

Strangely similar to this painting of Doré's is George Von Hoesslin's "Organ Fantasie." The monk at the organ pauses with one hand lifted, as he hears the voices of two angels singing near him.

As Doré originated a new style and taste in French art, so George Mason of "Harvest Moon" fame, did for the English school of painting. This simple little town of Wetley Abbey became as dear to Mason as Barbizon had been to Millet. He wandered about the fields and valleys studying the peasant folk at their work, the children at play, the reapers in the field, and the strange effect of mists over the moors near by, and painted such charming pictures as his "Evening Hymn."

In contrast to the "Evening Hymn" by Mason, are the Christmas angels, of E. H. Blashfield. Both represent an awakening to beauty, one of the soul of the peasant girl, the other the awakening of the whole world to the beauty of peace and good-will through the music of the Christmas bells.

In this picture the artist has dipped his brush in cold moonlight, and painted with the reflections from a snow-covered world, dappled with the shadows of dark pines. He has combined in a remarkable degree coldness of colour with brightness and gaiety of effect. There is little red or yellow in the whole picture, the general tone being greenish, which gives to the light of the angels' robes the crystalline effect of snow. Through all the fanciful ecstasy of this picture runs a vein of realism. The bells are actual bells, — they were studied from the old Church of St. Nicholas of Blois, and from Giotto's tower in Florence. The circling doves serve to accentuate the message which is pealing from their great bronze throats.

Mr. Blashfield is President of the Society of American Artists, and is almost as eminent as a mural decorator as he is as a painter of easel pictures. Among other large decorations of his is one of the domes of the building of the Manufacturing and Liberal Arts at the World's Fair of 1893, and the central dome of the Congressional Library at Washington.

THE END.

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